THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR SAM. GARTH, M. D.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

As when the people of the northern zone
Find the approach of the revolving ſun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, they ſee the new-born light,
And dread no more eternity of night:
Thus we, who lately, as of ſummer's heat,
Have felt a dearth of poetry and wit,
Once fear'd Apollo would return no more
From warmer climes to an ungrateful ſhore.
But you, the favourite of the tuneful nine,
Have made the God in his full luſtre ſhine;
Our night have chang'd into a glorious day;
And reach'd perfection in your firſt eſſay.
So the young eagle, that his force would try,
Faces the ſun, and towers it to the ſky.

Blount.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

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BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR SAM. GARTH, M. D.

Containing

THE DISPENSARY,
CLAREMONT,
EPISTLES.

PROLOGUES,
EPILOGUES,
IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Let Garth, with ſharp but ſalutary ſpleen,
As muſic gentle, but as lightning keen,
In *phyſic's mock ſolemnity* appear,
Or with *correct deſcriptions* charm your ear.

Anon. Epiſtle to a Lady.

London:

PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

LIFE OF GARTH.

SAMUEL GARTH was deſcended from a good family in Yorkſhire, and, having been inſtructed in claſſical learning at a ſchool in his own country, he became a ſcholar of Peter-houſe College, in Cambridge, where he proſecuted his ſtudies till he commenced Doctor of Phyſic, in the month of July, 1691.

On his coming to London, in order to follow his profeſſion, he paſſed his examination before the College of Phyſicians, on the 12th of March, 1692, and was admitted a Fellow on the 26th of July in the ſame year.

By the elegance of his manners, and the attraction of his converſation, he acquired ſo great a degree of perſonal eſteem as to obtain a very extenſive practice, and, as it is recorded in a pamphlet of thoſe times, had the favour and confidence of one political party, as Radcliffe had of the other.

Garth was univerſally reſpected as a man of exemplary benevolence, which, doubtleſs, diſpoſed him to concur with the majority of the college, in adopting a propoſition for a ſubſcription among the members, to accommodate the poor with medicines at prime coſt, by preparing them in a proper diſpenſatory for that purpoſe. The following account of that humane and truly benevolent inſtitution, from the pen of Dr. Johnſon, is highly deſerving of notice.

"Whether," ſays that excellent writer, "what Temple ſays be true, that phyſicians have had more learning than the other faculties, I will not ſtay to inquire; but I believe every man has found in phyſicians great liberality and dignity of ſentiment, very prompt effuſion of beneficence and willingneſs to exert a lucrative art, where there is no hope of lucre. Agreeably to this character, the college of phyſicians, in July 1687, publiſhed an edict, requiring all the fellows, candidates, and licentiates, to give gratuitous advice to the neighbouring poor.

"This edict was ſent to the Court of Aldermen, and a queſtion being put to whom the appellation of *poor* ſhould be extended, the College anſwered, that it ſhould be ſufficient to bring a teſtimonial from a clergyman officiating in the pariſh where the patient reſided.

"After a year's experience, the phyſicians found their charity fruſtrated by ſome malignant oppoſition, and rendered, in a great degree, vain, by the high price of phyſic; they therefore voted, in Auguſt 1688, that the laboratory of the college ſhould be accommodated to the preparation of medicines, and another room prepared for their recep-

tion; and that the contributors to the expence ſhould manage the charity.

"It was now expected that the apothecaries would have undertaken the care of providing medicines; but they took another courſe:—thinking the whole deſign pernicious to their intereſt, they endeavoured to raiſe a faction againſt it in the college, and found ſome phyſicians mean enough to ſolicit their patronage, by betraying to them the counſels of the college. The greater part, however, enforced, by a new edict in 1694, the former order of 1687, and ſent it to the Mayor and Aldermen, who appointed a committee to treat with the college, and ſettle the mode of adminiſtering the charity.

"It was deſired by the Aldermen, that the teſtimonials of churchwardens and overſeers ſhould be admitted, and that all hired ſervants, and all apprentices to handicraftſmen, ſhould be conſidered as *poor*. This likewiſe was granted by the college.

"It was then conſidered who ſhould diſtribute the medicines, and who ſhould ſettle their prices. The phyſicians procured ſome apothecaries to undertake the diſpenſation, and offered that the warden and company of the apothecaries ſhould adjuſt the price. This offer was rejected, and the apothecaries who had engaged to aſſiſt the charity were conſidered as traitors to the company, threatened with the impoſition of troubleſome offices, and deterred from the performance of their engagements. The apothecaries ventured upon public oppoſition, and preſented a kind of remonſtrance againſt the deſign, to the committee of the city, which the phyſicians condeſcended to confute; and at laſt the traders ſeem to have prevailed among the ſons of trade, for the propoſal of the college having been conſidered, a paper of approbation was drawn up, but poſtponed and forgotten

"The phyſicians ſtill perſiſted, and, in 1696, a ſubſcription was raiſed by themſelves according to an agreement prefixed to the diſpenſary. The poor were for a time ſupplied with medicines; for how long a time, I know not. The medical charity, like others, began with ardour, but ſoon remitted, and at laſt died gradually away.

"About the time of the ſubſcription begins the action of the *Diſpenſary*. The poem, as its ſubject was preſent and popular, co-operated with paſſions and prejudices then prevalent, and with ſuch auxiliaries to its intrinſic merit, was univerſally and liberally applauded. It was on the ſide of charity, againſt the intrigues of intereſt, and of regular learning againſt licentious uſurpation of medical authority,

and was therefore naturally favoured by thoſe who read and can judge of poetry."

The poem was dedicated to Anthony Henley, Eſq. and had commendatory verſes before it, by Charles Boyle, afterwards Earl of Orrery, and others, and went through three impreſſions in the courſe of a few months.

In 1697 our author ſpoke the *Harveian* Oration before the college in Warwick Lane, "to the great ſatisfaction of the auditors, and his own honour," as is expreſſed in the regiſter of the college. The applauſe with which it was received by the college, was confirmed by the public, who, in this inſtance, teſtified almoſt an equal admiration of the poet, who expoſed, in the moſt elegant ſatire, the mean-ſpirited intrigues of the falſe brethren of the faculty, and of the orator, who ridiculed, with juſt ſpiritand inimitable humour, the miſchievous knavery of the multifarious claſſes of infamous empirics. In the *Harveian* Oration he introduced an animated apoſtrophe to King William, and an eloquent encomium on the bleſſings of the revolution.

On the death of Dryden in 1701, he performed a memorable act of generoſity and tenderneſs, in providing a ſuitable interment to his ſhamefully abandoned corpſe, which he cauſed to be brought to the College of Phyſicians, propoſed and encouraged a ſubſcription for defraying the expence of a funeral,- pronounced an oration over the great poet's remains, and afterwards attended the ſolemnity from Warwick Lane to Weſtminſter Abbey. For this teſtimony of reſpect to the remains of Dryden, the memory of Dr. Garth will be revered, by the admirers of the great father of Engliſh poetry, to lateſt poſterity.

In 1703 Dr. Garth was elected one of the cenſors of the College of Phyſicians, and the following year, being a zealous aſſertor of the principles of the Revolution, he became a member of the Kit kat-club, which conſiſted of a number of noblemen and gentlemen diſtinguiſhed by a warm zeal for the ſucceſſion in the Houſe of Hanover. This club received its name from one Chriſtopher Kat, a paſtry-cook, who, living near the tavern in King-Street, Weſtminſter, where they met, ſerved them with many articles which conſtituted the more luxurious and ornamental parts of their convivial entertainments. Old Jacob Tonſon, the bookſeller, was their ſecretary, and the portraits of all the original members of the club, painted by Kneller, were long in the poſſeſſion of his family at Barn-elms.

In concert with Lord Halifax, and other members of the club, who recommended loyalty and liberty by the attractive influence of wit and pleaſantry, our author furniſhed a number of epigrams, and little impromptus, which added to

the hilarity of their meetings, and rendered him a very entertaining and desirable companion; and thus he enjoyed with great moderation, the sunshine of court favour, during the administration of Lord Godolphin. In 1710, when the reins of government fell into other hands, he addressed to his patron a short poem, which was severely criticised by Prior in the *Examiner*, a paper set up in defence of the new ministry, and so successfully defended by Addison in the *Whig Examiner*, that Dr. Johnson, who was no friend to the party, declares, it ought to be preserved for the sake of the vindication. Indeed, it was universally acknowledged to reflect additional honour on the poet and the verses.

In 1711 he wrote a dedication for an intended edition of Lucretius, to the Elector of Hanover; and at the accession of that Prince to the British throne, his merits were acknowledged and rewarded. He was knighted with the sword of his hero Marlborough, made physician in ordinary to the king, and physician-general to the army.

In 1715 he published a poem entitled *Claremont*, addressed to the Earl of Clare, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, on his giving that name to his beautiful and magnificent villa, near Esher in Surrey. He then undertook an edition of Ovid's Metamorphoses, translated by several hands, to which he contributed a version of the fourteenth book, and prefixed a critical and recommendatory preface.

This was his last work. His health now visibly declined, which caused a general concern. Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, though of the opposite party, testified his sensibility in strains worthy of Waller—

"Machaon sick! in every face we find;
"His danger is the danger of mankind," &c.

He died Jan. 18, 1717-18, and was interred in the church of Harrow-on-the-Hill.

The personal character of Garth was social and liberal. His benevolence was as active as it was extensive. His hand and heart went together, a circumstance more valuable than all the lustre that genius can confer. He communicated himself through a very wide extent of acquaintance, and though firm in a party, at a time when firmness included virulence, yet he imparted his kindness to those who were not supposed to favour his principles. He was an early encourager of Pope, and was at once the friend of Addison and Granville.

"The best natured of men," says Pope, in one of his letters, "Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet un-

affected enough to have made a ſaint or philoſopher famous. But ill tongues and worſe hearts have branded his laſt moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You muſt have heard many tales upon this ſubject: but if ever there was a good Chriſtian, without knowing himſelf to be ſo, it was Dr. Garth."

Dr. Johnſon ſays, that "Pope declared himſelf convinced that Garth died in the communion of the church of Rome, having been privately convinced; and further obſerves, that it is remarked, by Lowth, late Biſhop of London, a prelate eminently learned, that there is leſs diſtance than is thought between ſcepticiſm and popery, and that a mind, wearied with perpetual doubt, willingly ſeeks repoſe in the boſom of an infallible church;" an obſervation very congenial to the religious principles of Johnſon.

His poems were collected and printed by Tonſon, among "The Works of the Minor Poets," in two volumes, duodecimo, 1749. The *Diſpenſary* and *Clarcmont* are ſufficiently known and admired, particularly the *Diſpenſary*, of which it is obſerved, that "it is only inferior in humour, diſcrimination of character, and poetical ardour, to the Rape of the Lock." His *Claremont* is in the manner of Ovid, and has many of the beauties and defects of his favourite author.

"His poetry," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "has been praiſed at leaſt equal to its merits. In the *Diſpenſary* there is a ſtrain of ſmooth and free verſification, but few lines are eminently elegant. No paſſages fall below mediocrity, and few riſe much above it. The plan ſeems formed without juſt proportion to the ſubject; the means and end have no neceſſary connexion. Reſnel, in his preface to Pope's Eſſay, remarks, that Garth exhibits no diſcrimination of characters; and that what any one ſays might with equal propriety have been ſaid by another. The general deſign is perhaps open to criticiſm; but the compoſition can ſeldom be charged with inaccuracy or negligence. The author never ſlumbers in ſelf-indulgence; his full vigour is always exerted; ſcarce a line is left unfiniſhed; nor is it eaſy to find an expreſſion uſed by conſtraint, or a thought imperfectly expreſſed. It was remarked by Pope, that the *Diſpenſary* had been corrected in every edition, and that every change was an improvement."

His tranſlations and petty pieces have nothing in them very remarkable; but, upon the whole, candour muſt acknowledge, that Dr. Garth was reſpectable as a poet, but infinitely more ſo as a man.

THE DISPENSARY.

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

" ---Hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim."
Hor. de Arte Poet.

TO ANTHONY HENLY, ESQ.

A man of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's bluſhes, is ſtill moſt diſcovered, when it labours moſt to be concealed.

It is hard, that to think well of you, ſhould be but juſtice, and to tell you ſo, ſhould be an offence; thus, rather than violate your modeſty, I muſt be wanting to your other virtues; and, to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thouſand.

The world generally meaſures our eſteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will ſcarce believe that ſo much zeal in the heart can be conſiſtent with ſo much faintneſs in the expreſſion; but when they reflect on your readineſs to do good, and your induſtry to hide it; on your paſſion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgments would be ungrateful to a perſon who even ſeems to receive the obligations he confers.

But though I ſhould perſuade myſelf to be ſilent upon all occaſions; thoſe more polite arts, which, till of late, have languiſhed and decayed, would appear under their preſent advantages, and own you for one of their generous reſtorers; inſomuch, that ſculpture now breathes, painting ſpeaks, muſic raviſhes; and as you help to refine our taſte, you diſtinguiſh your own.

Your approbation of this poem, is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to reliſh nothing ſo much as what you write yourſelf: but you are reſolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To ſay more, would be uneaſy to you; and to ſay leſs, would be unjuſt in

Your humble Servant.

SINCE the following poem in a manner ſtole into the world, I could not be ſurpriſed to find it incorrect, tho' I can no more ſay I was a ſtranger to its coming abroad, than that I approved of the publiſher's precipitation in doing it; for a hurry in the execution generally produces a leiſure in reflection; ſo when we run the faſteſt, we ſtumble the oftenеſt. However, the errors of the printer have not been greater than the candour of the reader: and if I could but ſay the ſame of the defects of the author, he would need no juſtification againſt the cavils of ſome furious critics, who I am ſure would have been better pleaſed if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the fury Diſeaſe is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of preſent writers: but though I had the authority of ſome Greek and Latin poets, upon parallel inſtances, to juſtify the deſign; yet, that I might not introduce anything that ſeemed inconſiſtent, or hard, I ſtarted this objection, myſelf, to a gentleman, very remarkable in this ſort of criticiſm, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Diſeaſe is repreſented a fury, aswell as Envy: ſhe is imagined to be forced, by an incantation, from her receſs; and, to be revenged on the exorciſt, mortifies him with an introduction of ſeveral perſons eminent in an accompliſhment he has made ſome advances in.

Nor is the compliment leſs to any great genius mentioned there; ſince a very fiend, who naturally repines at any excellency, is forced to confeſs how happily they have all ſucceeded.

Their next objection is, that I have imitated the Lutrin of Monſieur Boileau. I muſt own, I am proud of the imputation; unleſs their quarrel be, that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himſelf the trouble of examining, will find I have copied him in nothing but in two or three lines in the complaint of Moleſſe, Canto II. and in one in his firſt Canto; the ſenſe of which line is entirely his, and I could wiſh it were not the only good one in mine.

I have ſpoke to the moſt material objections I have heard of, and ſhall tell theſe gentlemen, that for every fault they pretend to find in this poem, I will undertake to ſhew them two. One of theſe curious perſons does me the honour to ſay, he approves of the concluſion of it; but I ſuppoſe it is upon no other reaſon, but becauſe it is the concluſion.—However, I ſhould not be much concerned not to be thought excellent in an amuſement I have very little practiſed hitherto, nor perhaps ever ſhall again.

Reputation of this ſort is very hard to be got, and very eaſy to be loſt; its purſuit is painful, and its poſſeſſion unfruitful: nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till, finding the animoſities among the members of the College of Phyſicians increaſing daily, (notwithſtanding the frequent exhortations of our worthy preſident to the contrary) I was perſuaded to attempt ſomething of this nature, and to endeavour to rally ſome of our diſaffected members into a ſenſe of their duty, who have hitherto moſt obſtinately oppoſed all manner of union; and have continued ſo unreaſonably refractory, that it was thought fit by the college, to reinforce the obſervance of the ſtatutes by a bond, which ſome of them would not comply with, though none of them had refuſed the ceremony of the cuſtomary oath; like ſome that will truſt their wives with any body, but not any one with their money. I was ſorry to find there could be any conſtitution that was not to be cured without poiſon, and that there ſhould be a proſpect of effecting it by a leſs grateful method than reaſon and perſuaſion.

The original of this difference has been of ſome ſtanding, though it did not break out to fury and exceſs, until the time of erecting the diſpenſary, being an apartment in the college, ſet up for the relief of the ſick poor, and managed ever ſince with an integrity and diſintereſt ſuitable to ſo charitable a deſign.

If any perſon would be more fully informed about the particulars of ſo pious a work, I refer him to the treatiſe, ſet forth by the authority of the preſident and cenſors, in the year 1697. It is called "A ſhort Account of the Proceedings of the College of Phyſicians, London, in relation to the ſick Poor." The reader may there not only be informed of the riſe and progreſs of this ſo public an undertaking, but alſo of the concurrence and encouragement it met with from the beſt, as well as the moſt ancient members of the ſociety, notwithſtanding the vigorous oppoſition of a few men, who thought it their intereſt to defeat ſo laudable a deſign.

The intention of this preface is not to perſuade mankind to enter into our quarrels, but to vindicate the author from being cenſured for taking any indecent liberties with the faculty he has the honour to be a member of. If the ſatire may appear directed at any particular perſon, it is at ſuch only as are preſumed to be engaged in diſhonourable confederacies for mean and mercenary ends, againſt the dignity of their own profeſſion. But if there be no ſuch, then theſe characters are but imaginary, and, by conſequence, ought to give no offence.

The deſcription of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in the diſpenſary, betwixt a member of the col-

lege, with his retinue, and ſome of the ſervants that attended there to diſpenſe the medicines; and is ſo far real, though the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope nobody will think the author too indecently reflecting through the whole, who, being too liable to faults himſelf, ought to be leſs ſevere upon the miſcarriages of others. There is a character in this trivial performance, which the town, I find, applies to a particular perſon: it is a reflection which I ſhould be ſorry ſhould give offence, being no more than what may be ſaid of any phyſician remarkable for much practice. The killing of numbers of patients is ſo trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to make the leaſt impreſſion either upon the reader or the perſon it is applied to, being one that I think in my conſcience a very able phyſician, as well as a gentleman of extraordinary learning. If I am hard upon any one, it is my reader: but ſome worthy gentlemen, as remarkable for their humanity as their extraordinary parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing ſomething of their own.

I confeſs thoſe ingenious gentleman have done me a great honour; but while they deſign an imaginary panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themſelves, and by ſaying how much this ſmall performance exceeds ſome others, they convince the world how far it falls ſhort of theirs.

THE COPY OF AN INSTRUMENT,

SUBSCRIBED BY

THE PRESIDENT, CENSOR, MOST OF THE ELECTS, SENIOR FELLOWS, CANDIDATES, &c. OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS

In Relation to the Sick Poor.

WHEREAS the ſeveral orders of the College of Phyſicians, London, for preſcribing medicines gratis to the poor ſick of the cities of London and Weſtminſter, and parts adjacent; as alſo propoſals made by the ſaid college to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and Common Council, of London, in purſuance thereof, have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no method hath been taken to furniſh the poor with medicines for their cure at low and reaſonable rates; we, therefore, whoſe names are here under-written, fellows and members of the ſaid College, being willing effectually to promote ſo great a charity, by the counſel and good liking of the preſident and college, declared in their comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us ſeverally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourſelves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, fellow and elect of the ſaid college, the ſum of ten pounds apiece of lawful money of England, by ſuch proportions, and at ſuch times, as to the major part of the ſubſcribers here ſhall ſeem moſt convenient: which money, when received by the ſaid Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering medicines to the poor at their intrinſic value, in ſuch manner, and at ſuch times, and by ſuch orders and directions, as by the major part of the ſubſcribers hereto ſhall, in writing, be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpoſe.

In witneſs whereof we have hereunto ſet our hands and ſeals, this twenty-ſecond day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, Preſes,
Tho. Burwell Elect and Cenſor.
Sam. Collins, Elect.
Edw. Browne, Elect.
Rich. Torleſs, Elect. and Cenſor.
Edw. Hulſe, Elect.
Tho. Gill, Cenſor.
Will. Dawes, Cenſor.
Jo. Hutton.
Rob. Brady.
Hans Sloane.
Rich. Morton.
John Hawys.
Ch. Harel.
David Hamilton.
Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.
Tho. Colladon.
Martin Liſter.
Jo. Colbatch.
Bernard Connor.
W. Cockburn.
J. le Feure.
P. Sylveſtre.
Ch. Morton.
Rich. Robinſon.
John Bateman.
Walter Mills.
Dan. Coxe.
Henry Sampſon.
Thomas Gibſon.
Charles Goodhall.
Edm. King.
Sam. Garth.
Barnh. Soame.
Denton Nicholas.
Joſeph Gaylard.
John Woollaſton.
Steph. Hunt.
Oliver Horſeman.
Rich. Morton, jun.
Walter Charleton.
Phineas Fowke.
Tho. Alvery.
Rob. Gray.
John Wright.
James Drake.
Sam. Morris.
John Woodward,
------ Norris.
George Colebrook.
Gideon Harvey.

The deſign of printing the ſubſcribers' names, is to ſhew that the late undertaking has the ſanction of a college act; and that it is not a project carried on by five or ſix members, as thoſe that oppoſe it would unjuſtly inſinuate.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO I.

SPEAK, goddeſs! ſince 'tis thou that beſt canſt tell,
How ancient leagues to modern diſcord fell;
And why phyſicians were ſo cautious grown
Of others' lives, and laviſh of their own;
How by a journey to th' Elyſian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old time return'd again.
Not far from that moſt celebrated place,
Where angry * juſtice ſhews her awful face;
Where little villains muſt ſubmit to fate,
That great one's may enjoy the world in ſtate;
There ſtands a † dome, majeſtic to the ſight,
And ſumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, plac'd high with artful ſkill,
Seems, to the diſtant ſight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Rais'd for a uſe as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd ſociety decline
The propagation of that great deſign;
In all her mazes, Nature's face they view'd,
And, as ſhe diſappear'd, their ſearch purſu'd.
Wrapt in the ſhade of night the goddeſs lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark diſguiſe,
But ſhuns the groſs acceſs of vulgar eyes.
Now ſhe unfolds the faint and dawning ſtrife,
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And ſlender trains of twiſting fibres makes;
And how the viſcous ſeeks a cloſer tone,
By juſt degrees to harden into bone;
While the more looſe flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple ſtreams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps ariſe,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each ſluice a gentle torrent pours,
To ſlake a feveriſh heat with ambient ſhowers;
Whence their mechanic powers the ſpirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;

* Old Bailey. † The College of Phyſicians.

How the ſame nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
The greateſt pleaſure and the greateſt pain;
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in ſilver currents run;
How the dim ſpeck of entity began
T' extend its recent form, and ſtretch to man;
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæſar, and the great Naſſau;
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;
Why Envy oft' transforms with wan diſguiſe,
And why gay Mirth ſits ſmiling in the eyes;
All ice why Lucrece; or Sempronia, fire;
Why Scarſdale rages to ſurvive deſire;
When Milo's vigour at th' Olympic's ſhown,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the vary'd ſhape of pores,
Or ideots frames, or ſolemn ſenators.
Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cauſe to find,
How body acts upon impaſſive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Paſt hopes revive, and preſent joys inſpire;
Why our complexions oft our ſoul declare,
And how the paſſions in the feature are;
How touch and harmony ariſe between
Corporeal figure, and a form unſeen;
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every ſummons of the will;
With mighty truths, myſterious to deſcry,
Which in the womb of diſtant cauſes lie.
But now no grand inquiries are deſcry'd,
Mean faction reigns where knowledge ſhould preſide,
Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aſide.
Thus ſynods oft concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings ſhew a zeal:
The drooping ſciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading luſtre ſhine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching, drown'd:

The lonely edifice in ſweats complains
That nothing there but ſullen ſilence reigns.
This place, ſo fit for undiſturb'd repoſe,
The God of Sloth for his aſylum choſe;
Upon a couch of down in theſe abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtleſs nods;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to eaſe,
With murmurs of ſoft rills, and whiſpering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant diſpenſe
Their drowzy virtue, and dull indolence;
No paſſions interrupt his eaſy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain:
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.
As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Battening in eaſe, and ſlumbering life away;
A ſpiteful noiſe his downy chains unties,
Haſtes forward, and increaſes as it flies.
Firſt, ſome to cleave the ſtubborn *flint engage,
Till, urg'd by blows, it ſparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, ſome ſpacious veſſels move;
Theſe furnaces erect, and thoſe approve;
Here phials in nice diſcipline are ſet,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you ſpy:
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted peſtles, brandiſh'd in the air,
Deſcend in peals, and civil wars declare.
Loud ſtrokes, with pounding ſpice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in ſpires aſcend.
So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils ſweat,
And ſwelling ſinews echoing blows repeat,
From the volcanos groſs eruptions riſe,
And curling ſheets of ſmoke obſcure the ſkies.
The ſlumbering God, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice ſtrove to riſe, and thrice ſunk down again,
Liſtleſs he ſtretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and ſighs:

* The building of the diſpenſary.

How impotent a deity am I!
With godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Through my indulgence, mortals hourly ſhare
A grateful negligence, and eaſe from care.
Lull'd in my arms, how long have I with-held
The northern monarchs from the duſty field!
How I have kept the Britiſh fleet at eaſe,
From tempting the rough dangers of the ſeas!
Hibernia owns the mildneſs of my reign,
And my divinity's ador'd in Spain.
I ſwains to ſylvan ſolitudes convey,
Where, ſtretch'd on moſſy beds, they waſte away
In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
What marks of wondrous clemency I've ſhown,
Some reverend worthies of the gown can own:
Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Baſks in their eyes, and ſparkles in their face.
How ſleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
When big they ſtrut behind a double chin!
Each faculty in blandiſhments they lull,
Aſpiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd debates moleſt their downy trance,
Or diſcompoſe their pompous ignorance;
But, undiſturb'd, they loiter life away,
So wither green, and bloſſom in decay;
Deep ſunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
And leave to tatter'd * crape the drudgery of prayer.
Urim† was civil, and not void of ſenſe,
Had humour, and a courteous confidence:
So ſpruce he moves, ſo gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd roſe declares him orthodox:
He paſs'd his eaſy hours, inſtead of prayer,
In madrigals, and phillyſing the fair;
Conſtant at feaſts, and each decorum knew,
And, ſoon as the deſert appear'd, withdrew;
Always obliging, and without offence,
And fancy'd, for his gay impertience.

* See Boileau's Lutrin. † Dr. Atterbury.

But ſee how ill-miſtaken parts ſucceed;
He threw off my dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in controverſy, wrangled well!
In convocation language could excel;
In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
By nothing guarded but by Providence;
How grace and moderation diſagree;
And violence advances charity.
Thus writ till none would read, becoming ſoon
A wretched ſcribbler of a rare buffoon.
Mankind my fond propitious power has try'd,
Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd.
And all I aſk are ſhades and ſilent bowers,
To paſs in ſoft forgetfulneſs my hours.
Oft have my fears ſome diſtant villa choſe,
O'er that *quietus* where fat judges doſe,
And lull their cough and conſcience to repoſe:
Or, if ſome cloiſter's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers ſnore,
The peals of Naſſau's arms theſe eyes uncloſe,
Mine he moleſts, to give the world repoſe.
That eaſe I offer, with contempt he flies,
His couch a trench, his canopy the ſkies.
Nor climes nor ſeaſons his reſolves control,
Th' equator has no heat, the ice no pole.
With arms reſiſtleſs o'er the globe he flies,
And leaves to Jove the empire of the ſkies.
But, as the ſlothful god to yawn begun,
He ſhook off the dull miſt, and thus went on:
'Twas in this reverend dome I ſought repoſe,
Theſe walls were that aſylum I had choſe.
Here have I rul'd long undiſturb'd with broils,
And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils.
My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
With eaſy inſignificance of thought.
But now ſome buſy, enterpriſing brain
Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
And labours to diſſolve my eaſy reign.
With that, the god his darling phantom calls,
And from his faltering lips this meſſage falls:

Since mortals will diſpute my power, I'll try
Who has the greateſt empire, they or I.
Find envy out, ſome prince's court attend,
Moſt likely there you'll meet the famiſh'd fiend;
Or where dull critics authors' fate foretel;
Or where ſtale maids, or meagre eunuchs dwell;
Tell the bleak fury what new projects reign
Among the homicides of Warwick-lane:
And what th' event, unleſs ſhe ſtrait inclines
To blaſt their hopes, and baffle their deſigns.
More he had ſpoke, but ſudden vapours riſe,
And with their ſilken cords tie down his eyes.

CANTO II.

SOON as the evening veil'd the mountains heads,
And winds lay huſh'd in ſubterranean beds;
Whilſt ſickening flowers drink up the ſilver dew,
And beaux for ſome aſſembly dreſs anew;
The city ſaints to prayers and play-houſe haſte;
The rich to dinner, and the poor to reſt:
Th' officious phantom then prepar'd with care
To ſlide on tender pinions through the air.
Oft' he attempts the ſummit of a rock,
And oft' the hollow of ſome blaſted oak:
At length approaching where bleak Envy lay;
The hiſſing of her ſnakes proclaim'd the way.
Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew,
That taints the graſs with ſickly ſweats of dew;
No verdant beauty entertains the ſight,
But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
In a dark grot the baleful haggard lay,
Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day.
But how deform'd, and worn with ſpiteful woes,
When Accius has applauſe, Dorſennus ſhews.
The cheerful blood her meagre cheeks forſook,
And baſiliſks ſate brooding in her look;
A bald and bloated toad-ſtool rais'd her head;
The plumes of boding ravens were her bed;
From her chapp'd noſtrils ſcalding torrents fall,
And her ſunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.

Volcanos labour thus with inward pains,
While ſeas of melted ore lay waſte the plains.
Around the fiend, in hideous order, ſate
Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate;
Gruff Diſcontent, through Ignorance miſled,
And clam'rous Faction, at her party's head;
Reſtleſs Sedition, ſtill diſſembling Fear,
And ſly Hypocriſy, with pious leer.
Glouting with ſullen ſpite, the fury ſhook
Her clotted locks, and blaſted with each look;
Then tore, with canker'd teeth, the pregnant ſcrolls,
Where Fame the acts of demi-gods enrols;
And, as the rent-records in pieces fell,
Each ſcrap did ſome immortal action tell.
This ſhew'd how, fix'd as fate, Torquatus ſtood,
That the fam'd paſſage of the Granic flood;
The Julian eagles here their wings diſplay,
And there, like ſetting ſtars, the Decii lay;
This does Camillus as a god extol,
That points at Manlius in the Capitol;
How Cocles did the Tyber's ſurges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.
Great Cyrus here the Medes and Perſians join,
And there th' immortal battle of the Boyne.
As the light meſſenger the fury ſpy'd,
Awhile his curdling blood forgot to glide;
Confuſion on his fainting vitals hung,
And faultering accents flutter'd on his tongue:
At length, aſſuming courage, he convey'd
His errand, then he ſhrunk into the ſhade.
The hag lay long revolving what might be
The bleſt event of ſuch an embaſſy;
Then blazons in dread ſmiles her hideous form;
So lightning gilds the unrelenting ſtorm.
Thus ſhe:—Mankind are bleſt, they riot ſtill
Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.
By devaſtation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten moſt when famine reigns;
For ſickly ſeaſons the phyſicians wait,
And politicians thrive in broils of ſtate;

The lover's eaſy when the fair one ſighs,
And gods ſubſiſt not but by ſacrifice.
Each other being ſome indulgence knows:
Few are my joys, but infinite my woes.
My preſent pain Britannia's genius wills,
And thus the fates record my future ills.
A heroine ſhall Albion's ſceptre bear,
With arms ſhall vanquiſh earth, and heaven with prayer.
She on the world her clemency ſhall ſhower,
And only to preſerve exert her power.
Tyrants ſhall then their impious aims forbear,
And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear.
Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
The happy enterpriſes of the great,
I'll calmly ſtoop to more inferior things,
And try if my lov'd ſnakes have teeth or ſtings.
She ſaid; and ſtraight ſhrill Colon's* perſon took,
In morals looſe, but moſt preciſe in look.
Black-friars annals lately pleas'd to call
Him warden of apothecaries-hall:
And, when ſo dignify'd, did not forbear
That operation which the learn'd declare
Gives colics eaſe, and makes the ladies fair.
In trifling ſhow his tinſel talent lies;
And form the want of intellect ſupplies.
In aſpect grand and goodly he appears,
Rever'd as patriarchs in primæval years.
Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren ſuperfluity of words;
The patient's ears remorſeleſs he aſſails,
Murders with jargon, where his med'cine fails.
The fury thus aſſuming Colon's grace,
So ſlung her arms, ſo ſhuffled in her pace.
Onward ſhe haſtens to the fam'd abodes,
Where Horoſcope† invokes th' infernal gods:
And reach'd the manſion where the vulgar run,
For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.
This viſionary various projects tries,
And knows that to be rich is to be wiſe.

* Lee, an apothecary. † Dr Barnard.

By uſeful obſervations he can tell
The ſacred charms that in true ſterling dwell;
How gold makes a patrician of a ſlave,
A dwarf an Atlas, a Therſites brave.
It cancels all defects, and in their place
Finds ſenſe in Brownlow, charms in Lady Grace;
It guides the fancy, and directs the mind:
No bankrupt ever found a fair one kind.
So truly Heroſcope its virtues knows,
To this lov'd Idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies ſuch bright heraldry can prove,
The vile plebeian but the third from Jove.
Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
Bold to preſcribe, and buſy to apply.
His ſhop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs,
With foreign trinkets, and domeſtic toys.
Here mummies lay, moſt reverendly ſtale;
And there the tortoiſe hung her coat of mail;
Not far from ſome huge ſhark's devouring head,
The flying fiſh their finny pinions ſpread;
Aloft in rows large poppy heads were ſtrung,
And near a ſcaly alligator hung;
In this place, drugs in muſty heaps decay'd;
In that, dried bladders and drawn teeth were laid.
An inner room receives the numerous ſhoals,
Of ſuch as pay to be reputed fools.
Globes ſtand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary ſchemes amuſe the eye.
The ſage, in velvet chair, here lolls at eaſe,
To promiſe future health for preſent fees;
Then, as from tripod, ſolemn ſhame reveals,
And what the ſtars know nothing of, foretels.
One aſks how ſoon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the marriage fetters on:
Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,
Inquire when courteous fates will ſtrike them off.
Some, by what means they may redreſs their wrong,
When fathers the poſſeſſion keep too long.
And ſome would know the iſſue of their cauſe,
And whether gold can ſolder up its flaws.

Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To loſe by art what fruitful nature gave;
And Portia, old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curſe, and begs a ſon:
Whilſt Iris his coſmetic waſh would try,
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some aſk for charms, and others philters chooſe,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans loſe.
Young Hylas, botch'd with ſtains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame;
Cloy'd with deſire, and ſurfeited with charms,
A hot-houſe he prefers to Julia's arms.
And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold veins the ſparks of love.
Bleak Envy theſe dull frauds with pleaſure ſees,
And wonders at the ſenſeleſs myſteries.
In Colon's voice ſhe thus calls out aloud
On Horoſcope, environ'd by the crowd:
Forbear, forbear, thy vain amuſements ceaſe,
Thy woodcocks from their gins awhile releaſe;
And to that dire misfortune liſten well,
Which thou ſhouldſt fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever waſt eſteemed by me
The great Alcides of our company.
When we, with noble ſcorn, reſolv'd to eaſe
Ourſelves from all parochial offices;
And to our wealthier patients left the care
And draggled dignity of ſcavenger;
Such zeal in that affair thou didſt expreſs,
Nought could be equal, but the great ſucceſs,
Now call to mind thy generous proweſs paſt,
Be what thou ſhouldſt, by thinking what thou waſt:
The faculty of Warwick-Lane deſign,
If not to ſtorm, at leaſt to undermine.
Their gates each day ten thouſand night-caps crowd,
And mortars utter their attempts aloud.
If they ſhould once unmaſk our myſtery,
Each nurſe, ere long, would be as learn'd as we;
Our art expos'd to ev'ry vulgar eye;
And none, in complaiſance to us, would die.

What if we claim their right t'aſſaſſinate,
Muſt they needs turn apothecaries ſtraight?
Prevent it, gods! all ſtratagems we try,
To crowd with new inhabitants your ſky.
'Tis we who wait the Deſtinies' command,
To purge the troubled air, and weed the land.
And dare the college inſolently aim
To equal our fraternity in fame?
Then let crab's eyes with pearl for virtue try,
Or Highgate-hill with lofty Pindus vie;
So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
And Hare-court pump with Aganippe's ſtreams.
Our manufactures now they meanly ſell,
And their true value treacherouſly tell;
Nay, they diſcover too, their ſpite is ſuch,
That health, than crowns more valued, coſts not much;
Whilſt we muſt ſteer our conduct by theſe rules,
To cheat as tradeſmen, or to ſtarve as fools.
At this fam'd Horoſcope turn'd pale, and ſtraight
In ſilence tumbled from his chair of ſtate:
The crowd in great confuſion ſought the door,
And left the magus fainting on the floor;
Whilſt in his breaſt the fury breath'd a ſtorm,
Then ſought her cell, and re-aſſumed her form.
Thus from the ſore although the inſect flies,
It leaves a brood of maggots in diſguiſe.
Officious Squirt* in haſte forſook his ſhop,
To ſuccour the expiring Horoſcope.
Oft he eſſay'd the magus to reſtore,
By ſalt of ſuccinum's prevailing power;
Yet ſtill ſupine the ſolid lumber lay,
An image of ſcarce animated clay;
Till fates, indulgent when diſaſters call,
By Squirt's nice hand apply'd a urinal.
The wight no ſooner did the ſtream receive,
But rous'd, and bleſs'd the ſtale reſtorative.
The ſprings of life their former vigour feel;
Such zeal he had for that vile utenſil.
So when the great Pelides Thetis found,
He knew the ſea-weed ſcent, and th' azure goddeſs own'd.

* Dr. Barnard's man.

CANTO III.

ALL night the ſage in penſive tumults lay,
Complaining of the ſlow approach of day;
Oft' turn'd him round, and ſtrove to think no more
Of what ſhrill Colon ſaid the day before.
Cowſlips and poppies o'er his eyes he ſpread,
And Salmon's works are laid beneath his head.
But thoſe bleſs'd opiates ſtill in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies:
Tumultuous cares lay rolling in his breaſt,
And thus his anxious thoughts the ſage expreſt.
Oft has this planet roll'd around the ſun,
Since to conſult the ſkies I firſt begun:
Such my applauſe, ſo mighty my ſucceſs,
Some granted my predictions more than gueſs.
But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This faith, there can be no miſtake in gain.
For the dull world muſt honour pay to thoſe,
Who on their underſtanding moſt impoſe.
Firſt man creates, and then he fears the elf;
Thus others cheat him not, but he himſelf;
He loathes the ſubſtance, and he loves the ſhow;
You'll ne'er convince a fool, himſelf is ſo:
He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
And ſtill the only pleaſure's the deceit.
So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye,
Which no exiſtence has, but in the eye,
As diſtant proſpects pleaſe us, but when near,
We find but deſert rocks and fleeting air;
From ſtratagem to ſtratagem we run,
And he knows moſt who lateſt is undone.
Mankind one day ſerene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, ſullen, and ſevere;
New paſſions new opinions ſtill excite;
And what they like at noon they leave at night.
They gain with labour what they quit with eaſe;
And health, for want of change, becomes diſeaſe:
Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are ſlaves to ſuperſtitious fear.

They counſel others, but themſelves deceive,
And though they're cozen'd ſtill, they ſtill believe,
So falſe their cenſure, fickle their eſteem,
This hour they worſhip, and the next blaſpheme.
Shall I then, who with penetrating ſight
Inſpect the ſprings that guide each appetite;
Who with unfathom'd ſearches hourly pierce
The dark receſſes of the univerſe;
Be aw'd, if puny emmets would oppreſs;
Or fear their fury, or their name careſs?
If all the fiends that in low darkneſs reign
Be not the fictions of a ſickly brain,
That proſpect, the diſpenſary they call,
Before the moon can blunt her horns, ſhall fall.
With that, a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots through the cryſtal kingdoms of the ſkies.
The ſavage kind in foreſts ceaſe to roam,
And ſots, o'ercharg'd with nauſeous loads, reel home;
Drums, trumpets, hautboys, wake the ſlumbering pair,
Whilſt bridegroom ſighs, and thinks the bride leſs fair;
Light's cheerful ſmiles o'er th' azure waſte are ſpread,
And miſs from inns of court bolts out unpaid;
The ſage, tranſported at th' approaching hour,
Imperiouſly thrice thunder'd on the floor;
Officious Squirt that moment had acceſs,
His truſt was great, his vigilance no leſs.
To him thus Horoſcope:
My kind compaſſion in this dire affair,
Which is more light, ſince you aſſume a ſhare;
Fly with what haſte you us'd to do of old,
When clyſter was in danger to be cold;
With expedition on the beadle call,
To ſummon all the company to th' hall.
Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
Swift as from phial ſteams of harts-horn riſe.
The magus in the interim mumbles o'er
Vile terms of art to ſome infernal power,
And draws myſterious circles on the floor.
But from the gloomy vault no glaring ſpright,
Aſcends, to blaſt the tender bloom of light.

No myſtic ſounds from hell's deteſted womb
In duſky exhalations upwards come.
And now to raiſe an altar he decrees,
To that devouring harpy call'd Diſeaſe:
Then flowers in caniſters he haſtes to bring,
The wither'd product of a blighted ſpring;
With cold ſolanum from the Pontic ſhore,
The roots of mandrake and black hellebore;
The griper ſenna, and the puker rue,
The ſweetener ſaſſafras are added too;
And on the ſtructure next he heaps a load
Of ſulphur, turpentine, and maſtic wood;
Gums, foſſils too, the pyramids increas'd;
A mummy next, once monarch of the eaſt;
Then from the compter he takes down the file,
And with preſcriptions lights the ſolemn pile.
Feebly the flames on clumſy wings aſpire,
And ſmothering fogs of ſmoke benight the fire.
With ſorrow he beheld the ſad portent,
Then to the hag theſe oriſons he ſent:.
Diſeaſe! thou ever moſt propitious power,
Whoſe kind indulgence we diſcern each hour!
Thou well canſt boaſt thy numerous pedigree,
Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
In gilded palaces thy proweſs reigns,
But flies the humble ſheds of cottage ſwains.
To you ſuch might and energy belong,
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the ſtrong.
The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vaſſals only kind.
If, in return, all diligence we pay
To fix your empire and confirm your ſway,
Far as the weekly-bills can reach around,
From Kent-ſtreet end, to fam'd St. Giles's pound;
Behold this poor libation with a ſmile,
And let auſpicious light break through the pile.
He ſpoke; and on the pyramid he laid
Bay leaves and vipers hearts, and thus he ſaid:
As theſe conſume in this myſterious fire,
So let the curs'd diſpenſary expire!

And as thoſe crackle in the flames and die,
So let its veſſels burſt, and glaſſes fly!
But a ſiniſter cricket ſtraight was heard;
The altar fell, the offering diſappear'd.
As the fam'd wight the omen did regret,
Squirt brought the news the company was met.
Nigh where Fleet-ditch deſcends in ſable ſtreams,
To waſh his ſooty Naiads in the Thames;
There ſtands a ſtructure on a riſing hill,
Where Tyros take their freedom out to kill.
Some pictures in theſe dreadful ſhambles tell,
How, by the Delian god, the Python fell;
And how Medea did the philtre brew,
That could in Æſon's veins young force renew;
How mournful Myrrha for her crimes appears,
And heals hyſteric matrons ſtill with tears;
How Mentha and Althea, nymphs no more,
Revive in ſacred plants, and health reſtore;
How ſanguine ſwains their amorous hours repent,
When pleaſure's paſt, and pains are permanent;
And how frail nymphs oft, by abortion, aim
To loſe a ſubſtance to preſerve a name.
Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
The aſſembly Diaſenna* thus addreſs'd:
My kind confederates, if my poor intent,
As 'tis ſincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on ſome more ſafe deſign,
And on no other buſineſs but to dine;
The faculty had ſtill maintain'd their ſway,
And int'reſt then had bid us but obey;
This only emulation we had known,
Who beſt could fill his purſe, and thin the town.
But now from gathering clouds deſtruction pours,
Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours:
Miſts from black jealouſies the tempeſt form,
Whilſt late diviſions reinforce the ſtorm.
Know when theſe feuds, like thoſe at law, were paſt,
The winners will be loſers at the laſt.

* Gilſtrop, an apothecary.

Like heroes in ſea-fights we ſeek renown;
To fire ſome hoſtile ſhip we burn our own.
Whoe'er throws duſt againſt the wind, deſcries
He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes.
That juggler which another's ſleight will ſhew,
But teaches how the world his own may know.
Thrice happy were thoſe golden days of old,
When dear as Burgundy ptiſans were ſold;
When patients choſe to die with better will,
Than breathe, and pay th' apothecary's bill;
And, cheaper than for our aſſiſtance call,
Might go to Aix or Bourbon ſpring and fall.
Then prieſts increas'd, and piety decay'd,
Churchmen the church's purity betray'd,
Their lives and doctrine ſlaves and atheiſts made.
The laws were but the hireling judge's ſenſe;
Juries were ſway'd by venal evidence.
Fools were promoted to the council-board,
Tools to the bench, and bullies to the ſword.
Penſions in private were the ſenate's aim;
And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.
But now no influencing art remains,
For Somers has the ſeal, and Naſſau reigns;
And we, in ſpite of our reſolves, muſt bow,
And ſuffer by a reformation too.
For now late jars our practices detect,
And mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe effect.
Diſſentions, like ſmall ſtreams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run:
So lines that from their parellel decline,
More they proceed, the more they ſtill disjoin.
'Tis therefore my advice in haſte we ſend,
And beg the faculty to be our friend:
Send ſwarms of patients, and our quarrels end.
So awful beadles, if the vagrant treat,
Straight turn familiar, and their faſces quit.
In vain we but contend, that planet's power
Thoſe vapours can diſperſe it rais'd before.

As he prepar'd the miſchief to recite,
Keen Colocynthus* paus'd, and foam'd with ſpite.
Sour ferments on his ſhining ſurface ſwim,
Work up the froth, and bubble o'er the brim:
Not beauties fret ſo much if freckles come,
Or noſe ſhould redden in the drawing-room;
Or lovers that miſtake th' appointed hour,
Or in the lucky minute want the power.
Thus he—Thou ſcandal of great Pæan's art,
At thy approach the ſprings of nature ſtart,
The nerves unbrace; nay, at the ſight of thee,
A ſcratch turns cancer, itch a leproſy,
Could'ſt thou propoſe that we, the friends of fates,
Who fill church-yards, and who unpeople ſtates,
Who baffle nature, and diſpoſe of lives,
Whilſt Ruſſel†, as we pleaſe, or ſtarves or thrives,
Should e'er ſubmit to their deſpotic will,
Who out of conſolation ſcarce can kill?
The towering Alps ſhall ſooner ſink to vales,
And leeches, in our glaſſes, ſwell to whales;
Or Norwich trade in inſtruments of ſteel,
And Birmingham in ſtuffs and druggets deal;
Alleys at Wapping furniſh us new modes,
And Monmouth-ſtreet Verſailles with riding-hoods!
The ſick to th' hundreds in pale throngs repair,
And change the gravel pits for Kentiſh air!
Our properties muſt on our arms depend;
'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
'Tis to the vulgar death too harſh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
To die is landing on ſome ſilent ſhore,
Where billows never break, nor tempeſts roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly ſtroke, 'tis o'er.
The wiſe through thought th' inſults of death defy;
The fools through bleſt inſenſibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquiſh'd by the brave.
It eaſes lovers, ſets the captive free,
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

* Dare, an apothecary. † A celebrated undertaker of funerals

Sound but to arms, the foe ſhall ſoon confeſs
Our force increaſes, as our funds grow leſs;
And what requir'd ſuch induſtry to raiſe,
We'll ſcatter into nothing as we pleaſe,
Thus they'll acknowledge, to annihilate
Shews no leſs wondrous power than to create.
We'll raiſe our num'rous cohorts, and oppoſe
The feeble forces of our pigmy foes;
Legions of quacks ſhall join us on the place,
From great Kirleus down to Doctor Caſe.
Though ſuch vile rubbiſh ſink, yet we ſhall riſe;
Directors ſtill ſecure the greateſt prize.
Such poor ſupports ſerve only like a ſtay;
The tree once fix'd, its reſt is torn away.
So patriots, in time of peace and eaſe,
Forget the fury of the late diſeaſe;
On dangers paſt ſerenely think no more,
And curſe the hand that heal'd the wound before.
Arm, therefore, gallant friends, 'tis honour's call;
Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall!
To this the ſeſſion ſeem'd to give conſent,
Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event.
At length, the growing difference to compoſe,
Two brothers, nam'd Aſcarides*, aroſe.
Both had the volubility of tongue,
In meaning faint, but in opinion ſtrong.
To ſpeak they both aſſum'd a like pretence;
The elder gain'd his juſt pre-eminence.
Thus he: 'Tis true, when privilege and right
Are once invaded, honour bids us fight.
But, ere we once engage in honour's cauſe,
Firſt know what honour is, and whence it was.
Scorn'd by the baſe, 'tis courted by the brave;
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's ſlave;
Born in the noiſy camp, it lives on air,
And both exiſts by hope and by deſpair;
Angry whene'er a moment's eaſe we gain,
And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.

* The Pearces, apothecaries.

It lives when in death's arms the hero lies;
But when his ſafety he conſults, it dies.
Bigoted to this idol, we diſclaim
Reſt, health, and eaſe, for nothing but a name.
Then let us, to the field before we move,
Know if the gods our enterpriſe approve.
Suppoſe th' unthinking faculty unveil
What we, through wiſer conduct, would conceal:
Is't reaſon we ſhould quarrel with the glaſs
That ſhews the monſtrous features of our face?
Or grant ſome grave pretenders have of late
Thought fit an innovation to create;
Soon they'll repent what raſhly they begun:
Though projects pleaſe, projectors are undone.
All novelties muſt this ſucceſs expect,
When good, our envy; and when bad, neglect:
If reaſon could direct, ere now each gate
Had borne ſome trophy of triumphal ſtate;
Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe
Troy and Namur to Jove and to Naſſau.
Then, ſince no veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing good;
The project that we vainly apprehend
Moſt, as it blindly roſe, as vilely end.
Some members of the faculty there are,
Who intereſt prudently to oaths prefer.
Our friendſhip, with feign'd airs, they poorly court,
And boaſt, their politics are our ſupport.
Them we'll conſult about this enterpriſe,
And boldly execute what they adviſe.
But from below, while ſuch reſolves they took,
Some Aurum Fulminans the fabric ſhook.
The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat.
Regard their ſafety, and their rage forget.
So when at Bathos earth's big offspring ſtrove
To ſcale the ſkies, and wage a war with Jove;
Soon as the aſs of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling rebel in confuſion fled.

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented theatre,
Where wandering punks each night at five repair;
Where purple emperors in buſkins tread,
And rule imaginary worlds for bread:
Where Bently*, by old writers, wealthy grew,
And Briſcoe* lately was undone by new;
There triumphs a phyſician of renown,
To none, but ſuch as ruſt in health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly, to impart
His known experience, and his healing art.
When Burgeſs deafens all the liſtening preſs
With peals of moſt ſeraphic emptineſs;
Or when myſterious Freeman mounts on high,
To preach his pariſh to a lethargy;
This Eſculapius waits hard by, to eaſe
The martyrs of ſuch Chriſtian cruelties.
Long has this darling quarter of the town,
For lewdneſs, wit, and gallantry, been known.
All ſorts meet here, of whatſoe'er degree,
To blend and juſtle into harmony.
The critics each adventurous author ſcan,
And praiſe or cenſure as they like the man.
The weeds of writings for the flowers they cull;
So nicely taſteleſs, ſo correctly dull!
The politicians of Parnaſſus prate,
And poets canvas the affairs of ſtate;
The cits ne'er talk of trade and ſtock, but tell
How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
The country-dames drive to Hippolito's,
Firſt find a ſpark, and after loſe a noſe,
The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
He grows a madman, and then turns a wit.
And in the cloiſter penſive Strephon waits,
Till Cloe's hackney comes, and then retreats;
And if th' ungenerous nymph a ſhaft lets fly,
More fatally than from a ſparkling eye,
Mirmillo†, that fam'd opifer, is nigh.

* Two Bookſellers. † Dr. Gibbons.

The trading tribe oft thither throng to dine,
And want of elbow-room ſupply in wine.
Cloy'd with variety, they ſurfeit there,
Whilſt the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
'Twas here the champions of the party met,
Of their heroic enterpriſe to treat.
Each hero a tremendous air put on,
And ſtern Mirmillo in theſe words begun:
'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here;
No grievance you can know, but I muſt ſhare.
'Tis plain, my intereſt you've advanc'd ſo long,
Each fee, though I was mute, would find a tongue.
And, in return, though I have ſtrove to rend
Thoſe ſtatutes, which on oath I ſhould defend;
Such arts are trifles to a gen'rous mind:
Great ſervices as great returns ſhould find.
And you'll perceive, this hand, when glory calls,
Can brandiſh arms as well as urinals.
Oxford and all her paſſing bells can tell,
By this right arm what mighty numbers fell.
Whilſt others meanly aſk whole months to ſlay,
I oft diſpatch'd the patient in a day:
With pen in hand I puſh'd to that degree,
I ſcarce had left a wretch to give a fee.
Some fell by laudanum, and ſome by ſteel,
And death in ambuſh lay in every pill.
For, ſave or ſlay, this privilege we claim,
Though credit ſuffers, the reward's the ſame.
What, though the art of healing we pretend.
He that deſigns it leaſt, is moſt a friend.
Into the right we err, and muſt confeſs
To overſights we often owe ſucceſs.
Thus Beſſus got the battle in the play;
His glorious cowardice reſtor'd the day.
So the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its deſert
To chance, and not the labour'd ſtrokes of art.
Phyſicians, if they're wiſe, ſhould never think
Of any arms but ſuch as pen and ink:
But th' enemy, at their expence, ſhall find
When honour calls, I'll ſcorn to ſtay behind.

He ſaid: and ſeal'd th' engagement with a kiſs,
Which was return'd by younger Aſcaris* ;
Who thus advanced: Each word, Sir, you impart,
Has ſomething killing in it, like your art.
How much we to your boundleſs friendſhip owe,
Our files can ſpeak, and your preſcriptions ſhew.
Your ink deſcends in ſuch exceſſive ſhowers,
'Tis plain you can regard no health but ours.
Whilſt poor pretenders puzzle o'er a caſe,
You but appear, and give the *coup de grace*.
O that near Xanthus's banks you had but dwelt,
When Ilium firſt Achaian fury felt!
The horned river then had curs'd in vain
Young Peleus's arm, that chok'd his ſtream with ſlain;
No trophies you had left for Greeks to raiſe;
Their ten year's toil, you'd finiſh'd in ten days.
Fate ſmiles on your attempts; and, when you liſt,
In vain the cowards fly, or brave reſiſt.
Then let us arm, we need not fear ſucceſs;
No labours are too hard for Hercules.
Our military enſigns we'll diſplay;
Conqueſt purſues, where courage leads the way.
To this deſign ſhrill Querpo† did agree,
A zealous member of the faculty;
His ſire's pretended pious ſteps he treads,
And, where the doctor fails, the ſaint ſucceeds.
A conventicle fleſh'd his greener years,
And his full age the righteous rancour ſhares.
Thus boys hatch game eggs under birds of prey,
To make the fowl more furious for the fray.
Slow Carus‡ next diſcover'd his intent,
With painful pauſes muttering what he meant.
His ſparks of life, in ſpite of drugs, retreat,
So cold that only calentures can heat.
In his chill veins the ſluggiſh puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his ſable brows.
Legions of lunatics about him preſs;
His province is loſt reaſon to redreſs.

* Mr. Parrot. † Dr. Howe. ‡ Dr. Tyſon.

So when perfumes their fragrant ſcent give o'er,
Nought can their odour, like a jakes, reſtore.
When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile books beſieg'd around.
The gazing throng acknowledge their ſurpriſe,
And, deaf to reaſon, ſtill conſult their eyes.
Well he perceives, the world will often find,
To catch the eye is to convince the mind.
Thus a weak ſtate by wiſe diſtruſt inclines
To numerous ſtores, and ſtrength in magazines.
So fools are always moſt profuſe of words,
And cowards never fail of longeſt ſwords.
Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
And from the world to duſt and worms retreat.
Here dregs and ſediment of auctions reign,
Refuſe of fairs, and gleanings of Duck-lane.
And up theſe walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
With Swiſs philoſophy and Runic rhymes.
Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
Mede's works entire, and endleſs reams of Blome.
Where would the long neglected Collins fly,
If bounteous Carus ſhould refuſe to buy?
But each vile ſcribbler's happy on this ſcore:
He'll find ſome Carus ſtill to read him o'er.
Nor muſt we the obſequious Umbra* ſpare,
Who ſoft by nature, yet declar'd for war.
But when ſome rival power invades a right,
Flies ſet on flies, and turtles turtles fight,
Elſe courteous Umbra to the laſt had been
Demurely meek, inſipidly ſerene.
With him, the preſent ſtill ſome virtues have:
The vain are ſprightly, and the ſtupid grave;
The ſlothful negligent, the foppiſh neat,
The lewd are airy, and the ſly diſcreet;
A wren an eagle, a baboon a beau;
Colt† a Lycurgus, and a Phocion Rowe‡.
Heroic ardour now th' aſſembly warms,
Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.

* Dr. Gould. † Sir H. Dutton Colt. ‡ Mr. Anthony Rowe.

For future glory while the ſcheme is laid,
Fam'd Horoſcope thus offers to diſſuade :
  Since of each enterpriſe the event's unknown,
We'll quit the ſword, and hearken to the gown.
Nigh lives Vagellius*, one reputed long
For ſtrength of lungs, and pliancy of tongue.
For fees, to any form he moulds a cauſe,
The worſt has merits, and the beſt has flaws.
Five guineas make a criminal to day,
And ten to-morrow wipe the ſtain away.
Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the lecher, Clodius th' homicide;
Cato pernicious, Cataline a ſaint,
Orford ſuſpected, Duncomb innocent.
To law then, friends, for 'tis by fate decreed,
Vagellius and our money ſhall ſucceed.
Know, when I firſt invok'd diſeaſe by charms
To prove propitious to our future arms,
Ill omens did the ſacrifice attend,
Nor would the Sibyl from her grot aſcend.
  As Horoſcope urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a bard :†
  In vain your magic myſteries you uſe
Such ſounds the Sibyls ſacred ears abuſe.
Theſe lines the pale divinity ſhall raiſe
Such is the power of ſound, and force of lays. [claſh,
" ‡ Arms meet wit arms, fauchions with fauchions
" And ſparks of fire ſtruck out from armour flaſh.
" Thick clouds of duſt contending warriors raiſe,
" ‖ And hideous war o'er all the region brays.
" Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,
" Some maſſy balls of braſs, ſome mighty tubs
" Of cinders bore.—
" ¶ Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wreck
" Affright the ſkies, and fry the ocean's back."
  As we went rumbling on, the fury ſtraight
Crawl'd in, her limbs could ſcarce ſupport her weight.

* Sir Barth. Shower.
† Sir Richard Blackmore.
‡ King Arthur, p. 307.
‖ King Arthur, p 327.
¶ Prince Arthur, p. 130.

A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound,
And faintly her furr'd lips theſe accents ſound:
Mortal, how dar'ſt thou with ſuch lines addreſs
My awful ſeat, and trouble my receſs?
In Eſſex marſhy hundreds is a cell,
Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell:
Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
And ſhivering quartans ſhake the ſickly air.
There, when fatigu'd, ſome ſilent hours I paſs,
And ſubſtitute phyſicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearſe
The diſſonance of ſuch untuneful verſe;
But in your lines let energy be found,
And learn to riſe in ſenſe, and ſink in ſound.
Harſh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear;
None pleaſe the fancy who offend the ear.
In ſenſe and numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherley, conſider Dryden well.
In one, what vigorous turns of fancy ſhine!
In th' other Syrens warble in each line.
If Dorſet's ſprightly Muſe but touch the lyre,
The Smiles and Graces melt in ſoft deſire,
And little Loves confeſs their amorous fire.
The gentle Iſis claims the ivy crown,
To bind th' immortal brows of Addiſon.
As tuneful Congreve tries his rural ſtrains,
Pan quits the woods, the liſtening fawns the plains;
And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.
And Britain, ſince Pauſanias* was writ,
Knows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.
When Stepney paints the god-like acts of kings,
Or, what Apollo dictates, Prior ſings;
The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention ſhew,
And ſilver Sequana forgets to flow.
Such juſt examples carefully read o'er;
Slide without falling; without ſtraining ſoar.
Oft though your ſtrokes ſurpriſe, you ſhould not chooſe
A theme ſo mighty for a virgin muſe.

* Pauſanias, written by Mr. Norton.

Long did Apelles his fam'd piece decline;
His Alexander was his laſt deſign.
'Tis Montague's rich vein alone muſt prove,
None but a Phidias ſhould attempt a Jove.
The fury paus'd, till, with a frightful ſound,
A riſing whirlwind burſt th' unhallow'd ground.
Then ſhe—the deity we Fortune call,
Tho' diſtant, rules and influences all.
Straight for her favour to her court repair;
Important embaſſies aſk wings of air.
Each wondering ſtood; but Horoſcope's great ſoul,
That dangers ne'er alarm, nor doubts control,
Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,
Out-flew the rack, and left the hours behind.
The evening now with bluſhes warms the air,
The ſteer reſigns the yoke, the hind his care;
The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refreſh the earth below;
The bat, with ſooty wings, flits through the grove,
The reeds ſcarce ruſtle, nor the aſpines move,
And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of love.
Through the tranſparent region of the ſkies,
Swift as a wiſh, the miſſionary flies:
With wonder he ſurveys the upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors ſporting there;
How lambent jellies, kindling in the night,
Shoot through the æther in a trail of light;
How riſing ſteams in th' azure fluid blend,
Or fleet in clouds, or ſoft in ſhowers deſcend;
Or, if the ſtubborn rage of cold prevail,
In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail;
How honey dews embalm the fragrant morn.
And the fair oak with luſcious ſweats adorn;
How heat and moiſture mingle in a maſs,
Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze;
Why nimble corruſcations ſtrike the eye,
And bold tornados bluſter in the ſky;
Why a prolific Aura upwards tends,
Ferments, and in a living ſhower deſcends;

How vapours, hanging on the towering hills,
In breezes ſigh, or weep in warbling rills;
Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
And river gods their thirſty urns ſupply.
The wondering ſage purſues his airy flight,
And braves the chill unwholeſome damps of night:
He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
To ſettle ſeaſons here, and fates above;
The bleak Arcturus ſtill forbid the ſeas,
The ſtormy Kids, the weeping Hyades;
The ſhining lyre, with ſtrains attracting more
Heaven's glittering manſions now than hell's before.
Glad Caſſiopeia circling in the ſky,
And each fair Churchill of the galaxy.
Aurora, on Eteſian breezes borne,
With bluſhing lips breathes out the ſprightly morn:
Each flower in dew their ſhort-liv'd empire weeps,
And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion ſleeps.
As through the gloom the Magus cuts his way,
Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day;
Dim he diſcerns majeſtic Atlas riſe,
And bend beneath the burden of the ſkies;
His towering brows aloft no tempeſts know,
Whilſt lightning flies, and thunder rolls below.
Diſtant from hence, beyond a waſte of plains,
Proud Teneriff, his giant brother, reigns;
With breathing fire his pitchy noſtrils glow,
As from his ſides he ſhakes the fleecy ſnow.
Around this hoary prince, from watery beds,
His ſubject iſlands raiſe their verdant heads;
The waves ſo gently waſh each riſing hill,
The land ſeems floating, and the ocean ſtill.
Eternal ſpring, with ſmiling verdure, here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year,
From cryſtal rocks tranſparent rivulets flow;
The tuberoſe ever breathes, and violets blow.
The vine undreſs'd her ſwelling cluſters bears,
The labouring hind the mellow olive cheers;
Bloſſoms and fruit at once the citron ſhews,
And, as ſhe pays, diſcovers ſtill ſhe owes.

The orange to her ſun her pride diſplays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays.
No blaſts e'er diſcompoſe the peaceful ſky,
The ſprings but murmur, and the winds but ſigh.
The tuneful ſwans on gliding rivers float,
And warbling dirges die on ev'ry note.
Where Flora treads, her Zephyr garlands flings,
And ſcatters odours from his purple wings;
Whilſt birds from woodbine bowers and jeſmine groves
Chant their glad nuptials and unenvy'd loves.
Mild ſeaſons, riſing hills, and ſilent dales,
Cool grottos, ſilver brooks, and flowery vales,
Groves fill'd with balmy ſhrubs, in pomp appear,
And ſcent with gales of ſweets the circling year.
These happy iſles, where endleſs pleaſures wait,
Are ſtyl'd, by tuneful bards, The Fortunate.
On high, where no hoarſe winds nor clouds reſort,
The hood-wink'd goddeſs keeps her partial court.
Upon a wheel of amethyſt ſhe ſits,
Gives and reſumes, and ſmiles and frowns by fits.
In this ſtill labyrinth, around her lie
Spells, philters, globes, and ſchemes of palmiſtry:
A ſigil in his hand the gipſy bears,
In th' other a prophetic ſieve and ſheers.
The dame, by devination, knew that ſoon
The Magus would appear—and then begun:
Hail ſacred ſeer! thy embaſſy I know:
Wars muſt enſue, the fates will have it ſo.
Dread feats ſhall follow, and diſaſters great,
Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet:
Both ſides ſhall conquer, and yet both ſhall fail;
The mortar now, and then the urinal.
To thee alone my influence I owe;
Where nature has deny'd, my favours flow.
'Tis I that give, ſo mighty is my power,
Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
I am the wretch's wiſh, the rook's pretence,
The ſluggard's eaſe, the coxcomb's providence,
Sir Scrape-quill, once a ſupple ſmiling ſlave,
Looks lofty now, and inſolently grave;

Builds, ſettles, purchaſes, and has each hour
Caps from the rich, and curſes from the poor.
Spadillio, that at table ſerv'd of late,
Drinks rich Tockay himſelf, and eats in plate;
Has levees, villas, miſtreſſes in ſtore,
And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.
Souls heavenly borne my faithleſs boons defy;
The brave is to himſelf a deity.
Though bleſt Aſtrea's gone, ſome ſoil remains
Where fortune is the ſlave, and merit reigns.
The Tiber boaſts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Naſſau, the Nile his Ptolomy.
Iberia, yet for future ſway deſign'd,
Shall, for a Heſſe, a greater Mordaunt find.
Thus Ariadne in proud triumph rode;
She loſt a hero, and ſhe found a god.

CANTO V.

WHEN the ſtill night, with peaceful poppies crown'd,
Had ſpread her ſhady pinions o'er the ground;
And ſlumbering chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and ſtreams are the ſoft virgin's theme;
The ſurges gently daſh againſt the ſhore,
Flocks quit the plains, and gally-ſlaves the oar;
Sleep ſhakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes;
Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies;
He finds no reſpite from his anxious grief;
Then ſeeks from this ſoliloquy relief.
Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,
Oppreſs'd with fees, and deafen'd with renown.
None e'er could die with due ſolemnity,
Unleſs his paſſport firſt was ſign'd by me.
My arbitrary bounty's undeny'd;
I give reverſions, and for heirs provide.
None could the tedious nuptial ſtate ſupport,
But I, to make it eaſy, make it ſhort.
I ſet the diſcontented matrons free,
And ranſom huſbands from captivity.

Shall one of ſuch importance then engage
In noiſy riot and in civil rage?
No: I'll endeavour ſtraight a peace, and ſo
Preſerve my character and perſon too.
But Diſcord, that ſtill haunts with hideous mien
Thoſe dire abodes where Hymen once hath been,
O'erheard Mirmillo's anguiſh; then begun
In peeviſh accents to expreſs her own:
Have I ſo often baniſh'd lazy peace
From her dark ſolitude, and lov'd receſs?
Have I made South and Sherlock diſagree,
And puzzle truth with learn'd obſcurity?
And does the faithful Ferguſon profeſs
His ardour ſtill for animoſities?
Have I, Britannia's ſafety to enſure,
Expos'd her naked, to be moſt ſecure?
Have I made parties oppoſite, unite,
In monſtrous leagues of amicable ſpite,
To curſe their country, whilſt the common cry
Is freedom; but their aim, the miniſtry?
And ſhall a daſtard's cowardice prevent
The war, ſo long I've labour'd to foment?
No, 'tis reſolv'd, he either ſhall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan divinity.
With that the hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed,
And taking Querpo's meagre ſhape, ſhe ſaid:
At noon of night I haſten, to diſpel
Thoſe tumults in your penſive boſom dwell.
I dreamt but now I heard your heaving ſighs,
Nay, ſaw the tears debating in your eyes.
O that 'twere but a dream! but threats I find
Lour in your looks, and rankle in your mind.
Speak, whence it is this late diſorder flows,
That ſhakes your ſoul, and troubles your repoſe.
Miſtakes in practice ſcarce could give you pain;
Too well you know, the dead will ne'er complain.
What looks diſcover, ſaid the homicide,
Would be a fruitleſs induſtry to hide.
My ſafety firſt I muſt conſult, and then
I'll ſerve our ſuffering party with my pen.

All ſhould, reply'd the hag, their talent learn;
The moſt attempting oft the leaſt diſcern.
Let Peterborough ſpeak, and Vanburgh write,
Soft Acon court, and rough Cæcinna fight:
Such muſt ſucceed; but, when th' enervate aim
Beyond their force, they ſtill contend for ſhame.
Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the Saffold of the town.
Aſſes and owls, unſeen, their kind betray,
If theſe attempt to hoot, or thoſe to bray.
Had Weſley never aim'd in verſe to pleaſe,
We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
Still cenſures will on dull pretenders fall;
A Codrus ſhould expect a Juvenal.
Ill lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd,
To ſet off, and to recommend the good.
So diamonds take a luſtre from their foil;
And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle.
Conſider well the talent you poſſeſs;
To ſtrive to make it more, would make it leſs:
And recollect what gratitude is due,
To thoſe whoſe party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd magnificence,
But to your ſtars your magazine of ſenſe.
Haſpt in a tombril, awkward have you ſhin'd,
With one fat ſlave before, and none behind.
Then haſte and join your true intrepid friends,
Succeſs on vigour and diſpatch depends.
Labouring in doubts Mirmillo ſtood: then ſaid,
'Tis hard to undertake, if gain diſſuade;
What fool for noiſy feuds large fees would leave?
Ten harveſts more would all I wiſh for give.
True man! reply'd the elf; by choice diſeas'd,
Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd.
A preſent good they ſlight, an abſent chooſe;
And what they have, for what they have not, loſe.
Falſe proſpects all their true delights deſtroy,
Reſolv'd to want, yet labouring to enjoy.
In reſtleſs hurries thoughtleſsly they live,
At ſubſtance oft unmov'd, for ſhadows grieve.

Children at toys, as men at titles, aim;
And in effect both covet but the ſame.
This Philip's ſon prov'd in revolving years;
And firſt for rattles then for worlds ſhed tears.
The fury ſpoke; then in a moment fir'd
The hero's breaſt with tempeſts, and retir'd.
In boding dreams Mirmillo ſpent the night,
And frightful phantoms danc'd before his ſight,
Till the pale pleiads clos'd their eyes of light.
At length grey morn glows in the eaſtern ſkies,
The larks in raptures through the æther riſe,
The azure miſts ſcud o'er the dewy lawns,
The chaunter at his early matins yawns,
The amarinth opes its leaves, the lys its bells,
And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells.
As bold Mirmillo the grey dawn deſcries,
Arm'd cap-a-pee, where honour calls, he flies,
And finds the legions planted at their poſt;
Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the moſt.
His arms were made, if we may credit fame,
By Mulciber, the Mayor of Birmingham.
Of temper'd ſtibium the bright ſhield was caſt,
And yet the work the metal far ſurpaſs'd.
A foliage of the vulnerary leaves,
Grav'd round the brim, the wondering ſight deceives.
Around the centre fate's bright trophies lay,
Probes, ſaws, inciſion knives, and tools to ſlay.
Emboſt upon the field, a battle ſtood
Of leeches ſpouting hæmorrhoidal blood.
The artiſt too expreſs'd the ſolemn ſtate
Of grave phyſicians, at a conſult met;
About each ſymptom how they diſagree,
But how unanimous in caſe of fee.
Whilſt each aſſaſſin his learn'd colleague tires
With learn'd impertinence, the ſick expires.
Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo ſhone,
Himſelf an Atlas, and his ſhield a moon.
A peſtle for his truncheon led the van,
And his high helmet was a cloſe-ſtool pan.

His creſt an Ibis, brandiſhing her beak,
And winding in looſe folds her ſpiral neck.
This when the young Querpoides beheld,
His face in nurſe's breaſt the boy conceal'd;
Then, peept, and with th' effulgent helm would play,
And as the monſter gap'd, would ſhrink away.
Thus ſometimes joy prevail'd, and ſometimes fear;
And tears and ſmiles alternate paſſions were.
As Querpo towering ſtood in martial might,
Pacific Carus ſparkled on the right.
An oran outang o'er his ſholders hung,
His plume confeſs'd the capon whence it ſprung.
His motley mail ſcarce could the hero bear,
Haranguing thus the tributes of the war:
Fam'd chiefs,
For preſent triumphs born, deſign'd for more,
Your virtue I admire, your valour more.
If battle be reſolv'd, you'll find this hand
Can deal out deſtiny, and fate command.
Our foes in throngs ſhall hide the crimſon plain,
And their Apollo interpoſe in vain.
Though gods themſelves engage, a Diomed
With eaſe could ſhew a deity can bleed.
But war's rough trade ſhould be by fools profeſt,
The trueſt rubbiſh fills a trench the beſt.
Let quinſies throttle, and the quartan ſhake,
Or dropſies drown, and gout and cholics rack:
Let ſword and peſtilence lay waſte, while we
Wage bloodleſs wars, and fight in theory,
Who wants not merit, needs not arm for fame;
The dead I raiſe my chivalry proclaim;
Diſeaſes baffled, and loſt health reſtor'd,
In fame's bright liſt my victories record.
More lives from me their preſervation own,
Than lovers loſe if fair Cornelia frown.
Your cures, ſhrill Querpo cry'd, aloud you tell,
But wiſely your miſcarriages conceal.
Zeno, a prieſt, in Samothrace of old,
Thus reaſon'd with Philopidas the bold:

Immortal gods you own, but think them blind
To what concerns the ſtate of human kind.
Either they hear not, or regard not prayer;
That argues want of power and this of care.
Allow that wiſdom infinite muſt know;
Power infinite muſt act. "I grant it ſo."
Haſte ſtraight to Neptune's fane; ſurvey with zeal
The walls. "What then?" reply'd the infidel.
Obſerve thoſe numerous throngs in effigy,
The gods have ſav'd from the devouring ſea.
"'Tis true, their pictures that eſcap'd you keep,
"But where are theirs that periſh'd in the deep?"
Vaunt now no more the triumph of your ſkill,
But, though unfee'd, exert your arm, and kill.
Our ſcouts have learn'd the poſture of the foe;
In war ſurpriſes ſureſt conduct ſhew.
But fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells;
How truth in Burnet, how in Cavendiſh, reigns,
Varro's magnificence with Maro's ſtrains;
But how at church and bar all gape and ſtretch,
If Winnington but plead, or South or Only preach;
On nimble wings to Warwick-lane repairs,
And what the enemy intends, declares.
Confuſion in each countenance appear'd,
A council's call'd, and Stentor* firſt was heard;
His labouring lungs the thron'd prætorium rent,
Addreſſing thus the paſſive preſident:
Machaon†, whoſe experience we adore,
Great as your matchleſs merit, is your power:
At your approach, the baffled tyrant death
Breaks his keen ſhafts, and grinds his claſhing teeth.
To you we leave the conduct of the day;
What you command, your vaſſals muſt obey.
If this dread enterpriſe you would decline,
We'll ſend to treat, and ſtifle the deſign.
But, if my arguments had force, we'd try
To humble our audacious foes, or die;

* Dr. Goodall. † Sir Thomas Millington.

Our ſpite, they'll find, to their advantage leans;
The end is good, no matter for the means.
So modern caſuiſts their talents try,
Uprightly for the ſake of truth to lie.
He had not finiſh'd, till th' out-guards deſcry'd
Bright columns move in formidable pride;
The paſſing pomp ſo dazzled from afar,
It ſeem'd a triumph, rather than a war.
Though wide the front, though groſs the phalanx grew,
It look'd leſs dreadful as it nearer grew.
The adverſe hoſt for action ſtraight prepare;
All eager to unveil the face of war.
Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the field,
And to their truſty ſquire reſign the ſhield:
To paint each knight, their ardour, and alarms,
Would aſk the muſe that ſung the frogs in arms.
And now the ſignal ſummons to the fray;
Mock falchions flaſh, and paltry enſigns play.
Their patron god his ſilver bow-ſtrings twangs;
Tough harneſs ruſtles, and bold armour clangs;
The piercing cauſtics ply their ſpiteful power;
Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics ſcour;
The deadly drugs in double doſes fly;
And peſtles peal a martial ſymphony.
Now from their level'd ſyringes they pour
The liquid volley of a miſſive ſhower.
Not ſtorms of ſleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,
Puſh'd on by northern guſts, ſuch horror give.
Like ſpouts in ſouthern ſeas the deluge broke,
And numbers ſunk beneath th' impetuous ſtroke.
So when Leviathans diſpute the reign
And uncontroll'd dominion of the main;
From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
And iſles of ſea-weed on the waves are borne,
Such watery ſtores from their ſpread noſtrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is ſea, and which is ſky.
And now the ſtaggering braves, led by deſpair,
Advance, and to return the charge prepare,

Each ſeizes for his ſhield a ſpacious ſcale,
And the braſs weights fly thick as ſhowers of hail.
Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground,
With gally-pots and broken phials crown'd;
Whilſt empty jars the dire defeat reſound.
Thus when ſome ſtorm its cryſtal quarry rends,
And Jove in rattling ſhowers of ice deſcends,
Mount Athos ſhakes the foreſts on his brow,
Whilſt down his wounded ſides freſh torrents flow,
And leaves and limbs of trees o'erſpread the vale below.
But now, all order loſt, promiſcuous blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the battle grows.
From Stentor's* arm a maſſy opiate flies,
And ſtraight a deadly ſleep clos'd Carus' eyes.
At Colon† great Sertorius Buckthorn flung,
Who with fierce gripes, like thoſe of death, was ſtung;
But with a dauntleſs and diſdainful mein,
Hurl'd back ſteel pills, and hit him on the ſpleen.
Chiron‡ attack'd Talthibius with ſuch might,
One paſs had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,
Who ſtraight retreated to evade the wound,
But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.
This Pſylas‖ ſaw, and to the victor ſaid,
Thou ſhalt not long ſurvive th' unwieldy dead,
Thy fate ſhall follow; to confirm it, ſwore,
By the image of Priapus, which he bore:
And rais'd an eagle-ſtone, invoking loud
On Cynthia, leaning o'er a ſilver cloud:
Great queen of night, and empreſs of the ſeas,
If faithful to thy midnight myſteries,
If, ſtill obſervant of my early vows,
Theſe hands have eas'd the mourning matron's throes,
Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright;
So may loud cymbals aid thy labouring light.
He ſaid, and let the ponderous fragment fly
At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by.
Though the haranguing god ſurvey'd the war,
That day the muſes' ſons were not his care;

* Dr. Goodall againſt Dr. Tyſon. † Dr. Birch.
‡ Dr. Gill againſt Dr. Ridley. ‖ Dr. Chamberlain.

Two friends, adepts, the Triſmegiſts by name,
Alike their features, and alike their flame;
As ſimpling near fair Tweed each ſung by turn,
The liſtening river would neglect his urn.
Thoſe lives they fail'd to reſcue by their ſkill,
Their muſe could make immortal with her quill;
But learn'd inquiries after nature's ſtate
Diſſolv'd the league, and kindled a debate.
The one, for lofty labours fruitful known,
Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own.
At his once-favour'd friend a tome he threw,
That from its birth had ſlept unſeen till now;
Stunn'd with the blow, the batter'd bard retir'd,
Sunk down, and in a ſimile expir'd.
And now the cohorts ſhake, the legions ply,
The yielding flanks confeſs the victory.
Stentor, undaunted ſtill, with noble rage
Sprung through the battle, Querpo to engage.
Fierce was the onſet, the diſpute was great,
Both could not vanquiſh, neither would retreat;
Each combatant his adverſary mauls,
With batter'd bed-pans, and ſtav'd urinals.
On Stentor's creſt the uſual cryſtal breaks,
And tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks;
But whilſt the champion, as late rumours tell,
Deſign'd a ſure deciſive ſtroke, he fell:
And as the victor hovering o'er him ſtood,
With arms extended, thus the ſuppliant ſued:
When honour's loſt, 'tis a relief to die;
Death's but a ſure retreat from infamy.
But to the loſt if pity might be ſhown,
Reflect on young Querpoïdes thy ſon;
Then pity mine, for ſuch an infant grace
Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face.
If he was near, compaſſion he'd create,
Or elſe lament his wretched parent's fate.
Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;
To thee the lov'd Diſpenſary I reſign.
At this the victors own ſuch ecſtaſies,
As Memphian prieſts if their Oſiris ſneeze:

Or champions with Olympic clangor fir'd;
Or ſimpering prudes with ſprightly Nantz inſpir'd;
Or ſultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown;
Or faſting zealots when the ſermon's done.
Awhile the chief the deadly ſtroke declin'd,
And found compaſſion pleading in his mind.
But whilſt he view'd with pity the diſtreſs'd,
He ſpy'd Signetur* writ upon his breaſt.
Then tow'rds the ſkies he toſs'd his threatening head,
And, fir'd with more than mortal fury, ſaid:
Sooner than I'll from vow'd revenge deſiſt,
His Holineſs ſhall turn a Quieteſt;
Janſenius and the Jeſuits agree,
The inquiſition wink at hereſy.
Warm convocations own the church ſecure,
And more conſult her doctrine than her power.
With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
To puncture the ſtill ſupplicating ſage.
But while his thoughts that fatal ſtroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of fee.
The chief great Pæan's golden treſſes knew,
He own'd the god, and his rais'd arm withdrew.
Thus often at the Temple-ſtairs we've ſeen,
Two tritons, of a rough athletic mein,
Sourly diſpute ſome quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruis'd, and face beſmear'd in blood;
But, at the firſt appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair.
The hero ſo his enterprize recalls,
His fiſt unclinches, and the weapon falls.

* Thoſe members of the college that obſerve a late ſtatute, are called by the apothecaries "*Signetur* men."

CANTO VI.

WHILE the ſhrill changor of the battle reigns,
Auſpicious Health appear'd on zephyr's wings;
She ſeem'd a cherub moſt divinely bright,
More ſoft than air, more gay than morning-light.
A charm ſhe takes from each excelling fair,
And borrows Carliſle's ſhape, and Grafton's air.
Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams diſpenſe,
With Churchill's bloom, and Berkley's innocence;
On Iris thus the differing beams beſtow
The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow;
From the fair nymph a vocal muſic falls,
As to Machaon thus the goddeſs calls:
Enough th' achievement of your arms you've ſhown,
You ſeek a triumph you ſhould bluſh to own.
Haſte to the Elyſian fields, thoſe bleſt abodes,
Where Harvey ſits among the demi-gods.
Conſult that ſacred ſage, he'll ſoon diſcloſe
The method that muſt mollify theſe woes.
Let Celſus* for that enterprize prepare,
His conduct to the ſhades ſhall be my care.
Aghaſt the heroes ſtood diſſolv'd in fear,
A form ſo heavenly bright they could not bear;
Celſus, alone unmov'd, the ſight beheld,
The reſt in pale confuſion left the field.
So when the pygmies, marſhal'd on the plains,
Wage puny war againſt th' invading cranes;
The puppets to their bodkin ſpears repair,
And ſcatter'd feathers flutter in the air;
But, when the bold imperial bird of Jove
Stoops on his ſounding pinions from above,
Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
And the Strimonian ſquadron ſeeks the clouds.
And now the delegate prepares to go
And view the wonders of the realms below;
Then takes Amomum for the golden bough.

* Dr. Bateman,

Thrice did the goddeſs with her ſacred wand
The pavement ſtrike; and ſtraight at her command
The willing ſurface opens, and deſcries
A deep deſcent that leads to nether ſkies.
Hygeia to the ſilent region tends;
And with his heavenly guide the charge deſcends.
Thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by Ægeria guarded and inſpir'd.
Within the chambers of the globe they ſpy
The beds where ſleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad ſummons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.
Hence pancies trick themſelves in various hue,
And hence jonquils derive their fragrant dew;
Hence the carnation and the baſhful roſe
Their virgin bluſhes to the morn diſcloſe;
Hence the chaſte lily riſes to the light,
Unveils her ſnowy breaſts, and charms the ſight;
Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining lovers with their ſhade;
And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
Immortal wreaths for Phœbus and Naſſau.
The inſects here their lingering trance ſurvive:
Benumb'd they ſeem'd, and doubtful if alive.
From winter's fury hither they repair,
And ſtay for milder ſkies and ſofter air,
Down to theſe cells obſcener reptiles creep,
Where hateful nutes and painted lizards ſleep;
Where ſhivering ſnakes the ſummer ſolſtice wait:
Unfurl their painted folds, and ſlide in ſtate.
Here their new form the numb'd herucæ hide
Their numerous feet in ſlender bandage ty'd:
Soon as the kindling ear begins to riſe,
This upſtart race their native clod deſpiſe,
And proud of painted wings attempt the ſkies.
Now thoſe profounder regions they explore,
Where metals ripen in vaſt cakes of ore.
Here, ſullen to the ſight, at large is ſpread
The dull unweildy maſs of lumpiſh lead.

There, glimmering in their dawning beds, are ſeen
The light aſpiring ſeeds of ſprightly tin.
The copper ſparkles next in ruddy ſtreaks;
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.
The ſilver then, with bright and burniſh'd grace,
Youth and a blooming luſtre in its face,
To th' arms of thoſe more yielding metal flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies.
So cloſe they cling, ſo ſtubbornly retire,
Their love's more violent than the chymiſt's fire.
Near theſe the delegate with wonder ſpies
Where floods of living ſilver ſerpentiſe;
Where richeſt metals their bright looks put on,
And golden ſtreams through amber channels run:
Where light's gay god deſcends, to ripen gems,
And lend a luſtre brighter than his beams.
Here he obſerves the ſubterranean cells,
Where wanton nature ſports in idle ſhells.
Some helicoeides, ſome conical appear:
Theſe, mitres emulate, thoſe turbans are.
Here marcaſites in various figure wait,
To ripen to a true metallic ſtate:
Till drops that from impending rocks deſcend
Their ſubſtance petrify, and progreſs end.
Nigh, livid ſeas of kindled ſulphur flow,
And whilſt enrag'd, their fiery ſurges glow,
Convulſions in the labouring mountains riſe,
And hurl their melted vitals to the ſkies.
He views with horror next the noiſy cave,
Where with hoarſe dins impriſon'd tempeſts rave;
Where clamorous hurricanes attempt their flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight,
The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celſus fear'd.
Andromeda ſo, whilſt her hero fought,
Shook for his danger, but her own forgot.
And now the goddeſs with her charge deſcends,
Whilſt ſcarce one cheerful glimpſe their ſteps befriends.
Here his forſaken ſeat old Chaos keeps;
And undiſturb'd by form, in ſilence ſleeps;

A grifly wight, and hideous to the eye.
An awkward lump of ſhameleſs anarchy.
With ſordid age his features are defac'd:
His lands unpeopled, and his countries waſte.
To theſe dark realms much learned lumber creeps
There copious Morton ſafe in ſilence ſleeps;
Where muſhroom libels in oblivion lie,
And, ſoon as born, like other monſters, die.
Upon a couch of jet, in theſe abodes,
Dull night, his melancholy conſort, nods.
No ways and means their cabinet employ;
But their dark hours they waſte in barren joy.
Nigh this receſs with terror they ſurvey
Where death maintains his dread tyrannic ſway.
In the cloſe covert of a cypreſs grove,
Where goblins friſk, and airy ſpectres rove,
Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
And there the monarch's triumphs are deſcry'd;
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie;
Dim lamps with ſickly rays ſcarce ſeem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow;
Reſtleſs anxiety, forlorn deſpair,
And all the faded family of care;
Old mouldering urns, racks, daggers, and diſtreſs,
Make up the frightful horror of the place.
Within its dreadful jaws thoſe furies wait,
Which execute the harſh decrees of fate.
Febris is firſt: the hag relentleſs hears
The virgin's ſighs, and ſees the infant's tears.
In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign;
And reſtleſs ferments revel in each vein.
Then hydrops next appears among the throng;
Bloated and big, ſhe ſlowly ſails along.
But, like a miſer, in exceſs ſhe's poor,
And pines for thirſt amidſt her watery ſtore.
Now loathſome Lepra, that offenſive ſpright,
With foul eruptions ſtain'd, offends the ſight;
Still deaf to beauty's ſoft perſuading power;
Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom ſecure.

Whilſt meagre Pthiſis gives a ſilent blow,
Her ſtrokes are ſure, but her advances ſlow:
No loud alarms, nor fierce aſſaults are ſhewn;
She ſtarves the fortreſs firſt, then takes the town.
Behind ſtood crowds of much inferior fame,
Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name;
The vaſſals of their monarch's tyranny,
Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.
Now Celſus, with his glorious guide invades
The ſilent region of the fleeting ſhades;
Where rocks and rueful deſerts are deſcry'd,
And ſullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide;
Then ſhows the ferry-man the plant he bore,
And claims his paſſage to the further ſhore.
To whom the Stygian pilot, ſmiling, ſaid,
You need no paſsport to demand our aid,
Phyſicians never linger on this ſtrand:
Old Charon's preſent ſtill at your command.
Our awful monarch and his conſort owe
To them the peopling of the realms below.
Then in his ſwarthy hand he graſp'd the oar,
Receiv'd his gueſts aboard, and ſhov'd from ſhore.
Now, as the goddeſs and her charge prepare
To breathe the ſweets of ſoft Elyſian air,
Upon the left they ſpy a penſive ſhade,
Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head;
Pale grief ſat heavy on his mournful look;
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celſus ſpoke:
Tell me, thou much afflicted ſhade, why ſighs
Burſt from your breaſt, and torrents from your eyes:
And who thoſe mangled manes are, which ſhow
A ſullen ſatisfaction at your woe?
Since, ſaid the ghoſt, with pity you'll attend,
Know I'm Guâicum*, once your firmeſt friend;
And on this barren beach in diſcontent
Am doom'd to ſtay, till th' angry powers relent.
Thoſe ſpectres, ſeam'd with ſcars, that threaten there,
The victims of my late ill conduct are.

* Dr. Morton.

They vex with endleſs clamours my repoſe:
This wants his palate, that demands his noſe:
And here they execute ſtern Plùto's will,
And ply me every moment with a pill.
Then Celſus thus: O much-lamented ſtate!
How rigid is the ſentence you relate!
Methinks I recollect your former air,
But ah! how much you're chang'd from what you were!
Inſipid as your late ptiſans you lie,
That once were ſprightlier far than Mercury.
At the ſad tale you tell, the poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable ſouls a ſleep;
The unctuous larix, and the healing pine,
Lament your fate in tears of turpentine.
But ſtill the offspring of your brain ſhall prove
The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove:
When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works ſhall riſe
In rockets, till they reach the wondering ſkies.
If mortals ere the Stygian powers could bend,
Intreaties to their awful ſeats I'll ſend.
But, ſince no human arts the fates diſſuade,
Direct me how to find bleſs'd Harvey's ſhade.
In vain th' unhappy ghoſt ſtill urg'd his ſtay;
Then, riſing from the ground, he ſhew'd the way.
Nigh the dull ſhore a ſhapeleſs mountain ſtood,
That with a dreadful frown, ſurvey'd the flood.
Its fearful brow no lively greens put on;
No friſking goats bound o'er the ridgy ſtone.
To gain the ſummit the bright goddeſs try'd;
And Celſus follow'd, by degrees his guide.
Th' aſcent thus conquer'd, now they tour on high,
And taſte th' indulgence of a milder ſky.
Looſe breezes on their airy pinions play,
Soft infant bloſſoms their chaſte odours pay,
And roſes bluſh their fragrant lives away.
Cool ſtreams through flowery meadows gently glide;
And, as they paſs, their painted banks they chide.
Theſe bliſsful plains no blights nor mildews fear,
The flowers ne'er fade, and ſhrubs are myrtles here,

The morn awakes the tulip from her bed;
Ere noon in painted pride she decks her head,
Rob'd in rich dye she triumphs on the green,
And every flower does homage to their queen.
So, when bright Venus rises from the flood,
Around the throngs the wondering Nereids crow'd;
The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal shell,
And every grace unsung, the waves conceal.
The delegate observes, with wondering eyes,
Ambrosial dews descend, and incense rise;
Then hastens onward to the pensive grove,
The silent mansion of disastrous love.
Here jealousy with jaundic'd looks appears,
And broken slumbers, and fantastic fears.
The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods in mournful murmurs sings.
No winds but sighs there are, no floods but tears:
Each conscious tree a tragic signal bears.
Their wounded bark records some broken vow,
And willow-garlands hang on every bough.
Olivia here in solitude he found,
Her down cast eyes fix'd on the silent ground:
Her dress neglected, and unbound her hair,
She seem'd the dying image of despair.
How lately did this celebrated thing
Blaze in the box, and sparkle in the ring;
Till the green sickness and love's force betray'd
To death's remorseless arms th' unhappy maid:
All o'er confus'd the guilty lover stood,
The light forsook his eyes, his cheeks the blood;
An icy horror shiver'd in his look,
As to the cold complexion'd nymph he spoke:
Tell me, dear shade, from whence such anxious care,
Your looks disorder'd, and your bosom bare?
Why thus you languish like a drooping flower,
Crush'd by the weight of some relentless shower?
Your languid looks your late ill-conduct tell;
Oh that, instead of trash, you'd taken steel!
Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the conscious maid.
Thus to her late insulting lover said:

When ladies liſten not to looſe deſire,
You ſtyle our modeſty our want of fire:
Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
You ſtill find reaſons to believe we love;
Vainly you think a liking we betray,
And never mean the peeviſh things we ſay.
Few are the fair-ones of Rufilla's make,
Unaſk'd ſhe grants, uninjur'd ſhe'll forſake:
But ſeveral Cælias, ſeveral ages boaſt,
That like, where reaſon recommends the moſt.
Where heavenly truth and tenderneſs conſpire,
Chaſte paſſion may perſuade us to deſire.
Your ſex, he cry'd, as cuſtom bids, behaves;
Informs the tyrant ties ſuch haughty ſlaves
To do nice conduct right, you nature wrong;
Impulſes are but weak, where reaſon's ſtrong.
Some want the courage; but how few the flame!
They like the thing, that ſtartle at the name.
The lonely phœnix, though profeſs'd a nun,
Warms into love, and kindles at the ſun;
Thoſe tales of ſpicy urns and fragrant fires
Are but the emblems of her ſcorch'd deſires.
Then, as he ſtrove to claſp the fleeting fair,
His empty arms confeſs'd th' impaſſive air.
From his embrace th' unbody'd ſpectre flies,
And, as ſhe mov'd, ſhe chid him with her eyes.
They haſten now to that delightful plain,
Where the glad manes of the bleſs'd remain;
Where Harvey gathers ſimples, to beſtow.
Immortal youth or heroes' ſhades below.
Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The venerable ſage her preſence knew:
Thus he—
Hail, blooming goddeſs! thou propitious power,
Whoſe bleſſings mortals more than life implore!
With ſo much luſtre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where thoſe appear.
Mankind, as you vouchſafe to ſmile or frown,
Finds eaſe in chains, or anguiſh in a crown.

With juſt reſentment and contempt you ſee
The foul diſſenſions of the faculty;
How your ſad ſickening art now hangs her head,
And, once a ſcience, is become a trade.
Her ſons ne'er rifle her myſterious ſtore,
But ſtudy nature leſs, and lucre more.
Not ſo when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
A temple, where devoted incenſe blaz'd.
Oft father Tiber views the lofty fire:
As the learn'd ſon is worſhipp'd like the fire;
The ſage with Romulus like honours claim;
The gift of life and laws were then the ſame.
I ſhow'd of old, how vital currents glide,
And the meanders of the refluent tide.
Then, Willis, why ſpontaneous actions here,
And whence involuntary motions there:
And how the ſpirits, by mechanic laws,
In wild careers tumultuous riots cauſe.
Nor would our Wharton, Bates, and Gliſſon, lie
In the abyſs of blind obſcurity.
But now ſuch wondrous ſearches are foreborn,
And Pæan's art is by diviſions torn,
Then let your charge attend, and I'll explain
How her loſt health your ſcience may regain.
Haſte, and the matchleſs Atticus addreſs,
From Heaven and great Naſſau he has the mace.
Th' oppreſs'd to his aſylum ſtill repair;
Arts he ſupports, and learning is his care,
He ſoftens the harſh rigour of the laws,
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy claws;
And graciouſly he caſts a pitying eye
On the ſad ſtate of virtuous poverty.
Whene'er he ſpeaks, Heaven! how the liſtening throng
Dwells on the melting muſic of his tongue!
His arguments are emblems of his mien,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, though ſerene:
And, when the power of eloquence he'd try,
Here lightning ſtrikes you; their ſoft breezes ſigh.
To him you muſt your ſickly ſtate refer,
Your charter claims him as your viſiter.

Your wounds he'll close, and sovereignly restore
Your science to the height it had before.
Then Nassau's health shall be our glorious aim,
His life shall be as lasting as his fame.
Some princes' claims from devastations spring;
He condescends in pity to be king;
And, when amidst his olives plac'd he stands,
And governs more by candour than commands;
Ev'n then not less a hero he appears,
Than when his laurel diadem he wears.
Would Phœbus, or his Granville, but inspire
Their sacred vehemence of poetic fire;
To celebrate in song that godlike power,
Which did the labouring universe restore:
Fair Albions cliffs would echo to the strain,
And praise the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repose, and empire o'er the main.
Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his blessings endless as they're great:
Whilst malice and ingratitude confess
They've strove for ruin long without success.
When, late, Jove's eagle from the pile shall rise
To bear the victor to the boundless skies,
A while the god puts off paternal care,
Neglects the earth, to give the heavens a star.
Near thee, Alcides, shall the hero shine;
His rays resembling, as his labours, thine.
Had some fam'd patriot, of the Latian blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
But thus preserv'd the Latian liberties,
Aspiring columns soon had reach'd the skies:
Loud Io's the proud capitol had shook,
And all the statues of the gods had spoke.
No more the sage his raptures could pursue:
He paus'd; and Celsus with his guide withdrew.

CLAREMONT.

Addreſſed to

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CLARE,

AFTERWARDS DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

" ---Dryadum ſylvas, ſaltuſque ſequamur
" Intactos, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia juſſa."
Virgil.

PREFACE.

THEY that have ſeen thoſe two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windſor-Forest, the one by Sir J. Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will ſhew a great deal of candour if they approve of this. It was written, upon giving the name of Claremont, to a villa now belonging to the Earl of Clare. The ſituation is ſo agreeable and ſurpriſing, that it inclines one to think ſome place of this nature put Ovid at firſt upon the ſtory of Narciſſus and Echo. It is probable he had obſerved ſome ſpring ariſing amongſt woods and rocks, where echoes were heard, and ſome flower bending over the ſtream, and by conſequence reflected from it. After reading the ſtory in the third book of the Metamorphoſes, it is obvious to object (as an ingenious friend has already done) that the renewing the charms of a nymph, of which Ovid had diſpoſſeſſed her,

" --------- vox tantum atque oſſa ſuperſunt,"

is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare ſay the gentleman who is meant, would have been well pleaſed to have found no faults. There are not many authors one can ſay the ſame of: experience ſhews us every day that there are writers who cannot bear a brother ſhould ſucceed, and the only refuge from their indignation is by being inconſiderable; upon which reflection, this thing ought to have a pretence to their favour.

They who would be more informed of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their prieſts, may conſult Pliny, Ovid, and the other claſſic authors that have mentioned them.

CLAREMONT.

WHAT frenzy has of late poſſeſs'd the brain!
Though few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
So rank our ſoil, or bards riſe in ſuch ſtore,
Their rich retaining patrons ſcarce are more.
The laſt indulge the fault the firſt commit;
And take of ſtill the offal of their wit.
So ſhameleſs, ſo abandon'd are their ways;
They poach Parnaſſus, and lay ſnares for praiſe.

None ever can without admirers live,
Who have a penſion or a place to give.
Great miniſters ne'er fail of great deſerts;
The herald gives them blood, the poet parts.
Senſe is of courſe annex'd to wealth and power;
No muſe is proof againſt a golden ſhower.
Let but his lordſhip write ſome poor lampoon,
He's Horrac'd up in doggrel like his own:
Or, if to rant in tragic rage he yields,
Falſe fame cries—Athens; honeſt truth—Moorfields.
Thus fool'd, he flounces on through floods of ink;
Flags with full ſail, and riſes but to ſink.
Some venal pens ſo proſtitute the bays,
Their panegyric laſh; their ſatires praiſe.
So nauſeouſly, and ſo unlike, they paint,
N——'s an Adonis; M——r, a ſaint.
Metius with thoſe fam'd heroes is compar'd,
That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
But ſuch a ſhameleſs muſe muſt laughter move,
That aims to make Salmonius vie with Jove.
To form great works, puts fate itſelf to pain;
E'en nature labours for a mighty man,
And, to perpetuate her hero's fame,
She ſtrains no leſs a poet next to frame.
Rare as the hero's, is the poet's rage;
Churchills and Drydens riſe but once an age.
With earthquakes towering Pindar's birth begun;
And an eclipſe produc'd Alcmena's ſon.
The ſire of gods o'er Phœbus caſt a ſhade;
But, with a hero, well the world repaid.
No bard of bribes ſhould proſtitute his vein;
Nor dare to flatter where he ſhould arraign.
To grant big Thraſo valour, Phormio ſenſe,
Should indignation give, at leaſt offence.
I hate ſuch mercenaries, and would try
From this reproach to reſcue poetry.
Apollo's ſons ſhould ſcorn the ſervile art,
And to court-preachers leave the fulſome part.
What then—You'll ſay, Muſt no true ſterling paſs,
Becauſe impure allays ſome coin debaſe?

Yes, praiſe, if juſtly offer'd, I'll allow;
And, when I meet with merit, ſcribble too.
The man who's honeſt, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneaſy to offend;
Forgiving others, to himſelf ſevere;
Though earneſt, eaſy; civil, yet ſincere;
Who ſeldom but through great good-nature errs;
Deteſting fraud as much as flatterers,
'Tis he my muſe's homage ſhould receive;
If I could write, or Holles could forgive.
But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
A name ſo lov'd by me, ſo lately thine.
When Pelham you reſign'd what could repair
A loſs ſo great, unleſs Newcaſtle's heir?
Hydaſpes, that the Aſian plains divides,
From his bright urn in pureſt cryſtal glides;
But, when new gathering ſtreams enlarge his courſe,
He's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force;
In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
And wealth on nations, as he runs, beſtows.
Direct me, Clare, to name ſome nobler muſe,
That for her theme thy late receſs may chooſe;
Such bright deſcriptions ſhall the ſubject dreſs;
Such vary'd ſcenes, ſuch pleaſing images,
That ſwains ſhall leave their lawns and nymphs their bowers,
And quit Arcadia for a ſeat like yours.
But ſay, who ſhall attempt th' adventurous part
Where Nature borrows dreſs from Vanburgh's art?
If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
Stones mount in columns, palaces aſpire,
And rocks are animated with his fire.
'Tis he can paint in verſe thoſe riſing hills
Their gentle vallies, and their ſilver rills;
Cloſe groves, and opening glades with verdure ſpread,
Flowers ſighing ſweets, and ſhrubs that balſam bleed;
With gay variety the proſpect crown'd,
And all the bright horizon ſmiling round.
Whilſt I attempt to tell how ancient fame
Records from whence the villa took its name.

In times of old, when Britiſh nymphs were known
To love no foreign faſhions like their own;
When dreſs was monſtrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
And quality put on no paint but woad;
Of Spaniſh red unheard was then the name,
(For cheeks were only taught to bluſh for ſhame;)
No beauty, to increaſe her crowd of ſlaves,
Roſe out of waſh, as Venus out of waves;
Not yet lead comb was on the toilet plac'd;
Nor yet broad eye-brows were reduc'd by paſte;
No ſhape-ſmith ſet up ſhop, and drove a trade
To mend the work wiſe providence had made;
Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom,
And thrifty ſilk-worms ſpun for times to come;
Bare limbs were then the marks of modeſty;
And like Diana were below the knee.
The men appear'd a rough, undaunted race,
Surly in ſhow, unfaſhion'd in addreſs;
Upright in actions, and in thought ſincere;
And ſtrictly were the ſame they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in probity alone;
For villains had no titles but their own.
None travel'd to return politely mad;
But ſtill what fancy wanted, reaſon had.
Whatever nature aſk'd, their hands could give;
Unlearn'd in feaſts, they only eat to live.
No cook with art increas'd phyſicians' fees,
Nor ſerv'd up death in ſoups and fricaſees;
Their taſte was, like their temper, unrefin'd,
For looks were then the language of the mind.
Ere right and wrong, by turns, ſet prices bore;
And conſcience had its rate like common whore;
Or tools to great employments had pretence;
Or merit was made out by impudence;
Or coxcombs look'd aſſuming in affairs;
And humble friends grew haughty miniſters;
In thoſe good days of innocence, here ſtood
Of oaks, with heads unſhorn, a ſolemn wood,
Frequented by the Druids, to beſtow
Religious honours on the Miſſeltoe.

The naturaliſts are puzzled to explain
How trees did firſt this ſtranger entertain;
Whether the buſy birds ingraft it there;
Or elſe ſome deity's myſterious care,
As druids thought; for, when the blaſted oak
By lightning falls, this plant eſcapes the ſtroke.
So, when the Gauls the towers of Rome defac'd,
And flames drove forward with outrageous waſte,
Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd ſtood:
So ſacred was the manſion of a god.
Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids choſe,
Here, for the bleeding victims, altars roſe.
To Hermes oft they paid their ſacrifice;
Parent of arts, and patron of the wiſe.
Good rules in mild perſuaſions they convey'd;
Their lives confirming what their lectures ſaid.
None violated truth, invaded right;
Yet had few laws, but will and appetite.
The people's peace they ſtudied and profeſs'd
No politics but public intereſt.
Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
For all their luxury was doing good.
No mitred prieſt did then with princes vie,
Nor o'er his maſter claim ſupremacy;
Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,
For being ſeveral centuries obſcure,
None loſt their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
For not believing what none underſtood.
Nor ſimony, nor ſinecure, were known;
Nor would the bee work honey for the drone.
Nor was the way invented to diſmiſs
Fair Abigails with fat pluralities.
But then, in fillets bound, a hallowed band
Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land;
Could tell what murrains in what months begun,
And how the ſeaſons travel'd with the ſun;
When his dim orb ſeem'd wading through the air,
They told that rain on dropping wings drew near;
And that the winds their bellowing throats would try;
When reddening clouds reflect his blood-ſhot eye;

All their remarks on nature's laws require
More lines than would e'en Alpin's readers tire.
This ſect in ſacred veneration held
Opinions, by the Samian ſage reveal'd;
That matter no annihilation knows,
But wanders from theſe tenements to thoſe;
For when the plaſtic particles are gone,
They rally in ſome ſpecies like their own:
The ſelf-ſame atoms, if new jumbled, will
In ſeas be reſtleſs, and in earth be ſtill;
Can, in the truffle, furniſh out a feaſt,
And nauſeate, in the ſcaly ſquill, the taſte.
Thoſe falling leaves, that wither with the year,
Will, in the next, on other ſtems appear.
The ſap, that now forſakes the burſting bud,
In ſome new ſhoot will circulate green blood.
The breath to-day that from the jaſmine blows,
Will, when the ſeaſons offer, ſcent the roſe;
And thoſe bright flames that in carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the lily with a ſnow.
They hold that matter muſt be ſtill the ſame,
And varies but in figure and in name;
And that the ſoul not dies, but ſhifts her ſeat,
New rounds of life to run, or paſt repeat.
Thus, when the brave and virtuous ceaſe to live,
In beings brave and virtuous they revive.
Again ſhall Romulus in Naſſau reign;
Great Namur in a Brunſwick prince, ordain
Good laws, and halcyon years ſhall huſh the world again.
The truths of old traditions were their theme;
Or gods deſcending in a morning dream.
Paſt acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And could events, not ripe for fate, unfold:
Beneath the ſhady covert of an oak,
In rhymes uncouth, prophetic truths they ſpoke.
Attend then, Clare; nor is the legend long;
The ſtory of thy villa is their ſong.
The fair Montana, of the ſylvan race,
Was with each beauty bleſs'd, and every grace.

His ſire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood;
His mother, a ſwift Naiad of the flood.
Her ſilver urn ſupply'd the neighbouring ſtreams,
A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames.
Not lovelier ſeem's Narciſſus to the eye;
Nor, when a flower, could boaſt more fragrancy:
His ſkin might with the down of ſwans compare;
More ſmooth than pearl; than mountain ſnow more fair:
In ſhape ſo poplars or the cedars pleaſe;
But thoſe are not ſo ſtraight, nor graceful theſe;
His flowing hair in unforc'd ringlets hung;
Tuneful his voice; perſuaſive was his tongue;
The haughtieſt fair ſcarce heard without a wound,
But ſunk to ſoftneſs at the melting ſound.
The fourth bright luſtre had but juſt begun
To ſhade his bluſhing cheeks with doubtful down.
All day he rang'd the woods, and ſpread the toils.
And knew no pleaſures but in ſylvan ſpoils.
In vain the nymphs put on each pleaſing grace;
Too cheap the quarry ſeem'd, too ſhort the chace;
For, though poſſeſſion be th' undoubted view,
To ſeize is far leſs pleaſure than purſue.
Thoſe nymphs that yield too ſoon their charms impair,
And prove at laſt but deſpicably fair.
His own undoing, glutton love decrees,
And palls the appetite he meant to pleaſe.
His ſlender wants too largely he ſupplies;
Thrives on ſhort meals, but by indulgence dies.
A grot there was, with hoary moſs o'ergrown,
Rough with rude ſhells, and arch'd with mould'ring ſtone;
Sad ſilence reigns within the loneſome wall,
And weeping rills but whiſper as they fall;
The claſping ivies up the ruin creep,
And there the bat and drowſy beetle ſleep.
This cell ſad Echo choſe, by love betray'd,
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
Hither, fatigu'd with toil, the ſylvan flies,
To ſhun the calenture of ſultry ſkies;
But feels a fiercer flame: love's keeneſt dart
Finds, through his eyes, a paſſage to his heart.

Penſive the virgin ſate, with folded arms,
Her tears but lending luſtre to her charms.
With pity he beholds her wounding woes;
But wants himſelf the pity he beſtows.
Oh! whether of a mortal born, he cries,
Or ſome fair daughter of the diſtant ſkies;
That, in compaſſion, leave your cryſtal ſphere,
To guard ſome favour'd charge, and wander here;
Slight not my ſuit, nor too ungentle prove;
But pity one, a novice yet in love.
If words avail not, ſee my ſuppliant tears;
Nor diſregard thoſe dumb petitioners.
From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
Aſſerting all the empire of her eyes.
Full thrice three years he lingers out in grief,
Nor ſeeks from ſleep, or ſuſtenance, relief.
The lamp of life now caſts a glimmering light;
The meeting lids his ſetting eyes benight.
What force remains the hapleſs lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred deities:
Haſte, parents of the flood, your race to mourn;
With tears repleniſh each exhauſted urn;
Retake the life you gave; but let the maid
Fall a juſt victim to an injur'd ſhade.
More he endeavour'd; but the accents hung
Half form'd, and ſtopp'd unfiniſh'd on his tongue.
For him the graces their ſad vigils keep;
Love broke his bow, and wiſh'd for eyes to weep.
What gods can do, the mournful faunus tries;
A mount erecting where the ſylvan lies.
The rural powers the wond'rous pile ſurvey,
And piouſly their different honours pay.
Th' aſcent with verdant herbage Pales ſpread,
And nymphs, transform'd to laurels, lent their ſhade.
Her ſtream a Naiad from the baſis pours;
And Flora ſtrews the ſummit with her flowers.
Alone Mount Latmos claims pre-eminence,
When ſilver Cynthia lights the world from thence.
Sad Echo now laments her rigour more
Than for Narciſſus her looſe flame before.

Her fleſh to ſinew ſhrinks, her charms are fled;
All day in rifted rocks ſhe hides her head.
Soon as the evening ſhews a ſky ſerene,
Abroad ſhe ſtrays, but never to be ſeen;
And ever, as the weeping Naiads name
Her cruelty, the nymph repeats the ſame;
With them ſhe joins, her lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely dales he rang'd before.
Her ſex's privilege ſhe yet retains;
And, though to nothing waſted, voice remains.
So ſung the Druids—then, with rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the Delphic god inſpir'd;
Ere twice ten centuries ſhall fleet away,
A Brunſwick prince ſhall Britain's ſceptre ſway.
No more fair liberty ſhall mourn her chains;
The maid is reſcu'd, her lov'd Perſeus reigns.
From Jove he comes, the captive to reſtore;
Nor can the thunder of his fire do more.
Religion ſhall dread nothing but diſguiſe;
And Juſtice need no bandage for her eyes.
Britannia ſmiles, nor fears a foreign lord,
Her ſafety to ſecure, two powers accord,
Her Neptune's trident, and her monarch's ſword.
Like him, ſhall his Auguſtus ſhine in arms,
Though captive to his Carolina's charms.
Ages with future heroes ſhe ſhall bleſs,
And Venus once more found an Alban race.
Then ſhall a Clare in honour's cauſe engage:
Example muſt reclaim a graceleſs age;
Where guides themſelves, for guilty views, miſlead,
And laws, e'en by the legiſlators, bleed;
His brave contempt of ſtate ſhall teach the proud,
None but the virtuous are of noble blood;
For tyrants are but princes in diſguiſe,
Though ſprung by long deſcents from Ptolemies.
Right he ſhall vindicate, good laws defend;
The firmeſt patriot, and the warmeſt friend.
Great Edward's order early he ſhall wear,
New light reſtoring to the ſully'd ſtar.

Oft will his leiſure this retirement chooſe,
Still finding future ſubjects for the muſe;
And, to record the ſylvan's fatal flame,
The place ſhall live in ſong, and Claremont be the name.

TO THE LADY LOUISA LENOX:

WITH OVID'S EPISTLES.

IN moving lines theſe few epiſtles tell
What fate attends the nymph that likes too well:
How faintly the ſucceſsful lovers burn,
And their neglected charms how ladies mourn.
The fair, you'll find, when ſoft entreaties fail,
Aſſert their unconteſted right, and rail.
Too ſoon they liſten, and reſent too late;
'Tis ſure they love, whene'er they ſtrive to hate.
Their ſex or proudly ſhuns, or poorly craves;
Commencing tyrants, and concluding ſlaves.
In different breaſts, what different paſſions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguiſh ſlow.
The fire we boaſt with force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out as appetite returns:
But yours, like incenſe, mounts by ſoft degrees,
And in a fragrant flame conſumes to pleaſe.
Your ſex, in all that can engage, excel;
And ours in patience, and perſuading well.
Imperial Nature equally decrees:
You have your pride, and we our perjuries.
Though form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall,
By giving nothing, or by granting all.
But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd years
Smile at the tale of lovers' hopes and fears.
Though infant graces ſooth your gentle hours,
More ſoft than ſighs, more ſweet than breathing flowers;
Let raſh admirers your keen lightning fear;
'Tis bright if diſtant, but deſtroys if near
The time ere long, if verſe preſage, will come,
Your charms ſhall open in full Brudenell bloom.
All eyes ſhall gaze, all hearts ſhall homage vow,
And not a lover languiſh but for you.

GARTH's POEMS.

On all that Goddeſs her falſe ſmiles beſtows,
As on the ſeas ſhe reigns from whence ſhe roſe,
Young Zephyrs ſigh with fragrant breath ſoft gales,
Guide her gay barge, and ſwell the ſilken ſails,
Each ſilver wave in beauteous order moves,
Fair as her boſom gentle as her doves.

Vide Epiſtle to the Earl of Burlington Line 21 Page 73.

Drawn by J. Thurston, Engraved by J. Neagle for C. Cooke, Jan. 3. 1800.

The muſe ſhall ſtring her lyre, with garlands crown'd,
And each bright nymph ſhall ſicken at the ſound.
So, when Aurora firſt ſalutes the ſight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light;
But, when with riper red ſhe warms the ſkies,
In circling throngs the wing'd muſicians riſe,
And the gay groves rejoice in ſymphonies.
Each pearly flower with painted beauty ſhines,
And every ſtar its fading fire reſigns.

TO RICHARD EARL OF BURLINGTON,

WITH OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

My Lord,

OUR poet's rules, in eaſy numbers, tell,
He felt the paſſion he deſcribes ſo well.
In that ſoft art ſucceſsfully refin'd,
Though angry Cæſar frown'd, the fair were kind.
More ills from love than tyrant's malice flow;
Jove's thunder ſtrikes leſs ſure than Cupid's bow.
Ovid both felt the pain and found the eaſe;
Phyſicians ſtudy moſt their own diſeaſe.
The practice of that age in this we try,
Ladies would liſten then, and lovers lie.
Who flatter'd moſt the fair were moſt polite,
Each thought her own admirer in the right;
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly ſo aton'd for all.
Breeding was baniſh'd for the fair ones' ſake,
The ſex ne'er gives, but ſuffers ours ſhould take.
Advice to you, my lord, in vain we bring;
The flowers ne'er fail to meet the blooming ſpring.
Though you poſſeſs all nature's gifts, take care;
Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her ſnare.
On all that goddeſs her falſe ſmiles beſtows;
As on the ſeas ſhe reigns, from whence ſhe roſe.
Young Zephyrs ſigh with fragrant breath, ſoft gales
Guide her gay barge, and ſwell the ſilken ſails:
Each ſilver wave in beauteous order moves,
Fair as her boſom, gentle as her doves;

But he that once embarks, too ſurely finds
A ſullen ſky, black ſtorms, and angry winds;
Cares, fears, and anguiſh, hovering on the coaſt,
And wrecks of wretches by their folly loſt.
When coming time ſhall bleſs you with a bride,
Let paſſion not perſuade, but reaſon guide;
Inſtead of gold, let gentle truth endear;
She has moſt charms who is the moſt ſincere.
Shun vain variety, 'tis but diſeaſe;
Weak appetites are ever hard to pleaſe.
The nymph muſt fear to be inquiſitive;
'Tis for the ſex's quiet to believe.
Her air an eaſy confidence muſt ſhew,
And ſhun to find what ſhe would dread to know;
Still charming with all arts that can engage,
And be the Juliana of the age.

TO THE DUCHESS OF BOLTON,

ON HER STAYING ALL THE WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

CEASE rural conqueſts, and ſet free your ſwains
To Dryads leave the groves, to nymphs the plains.
In penſive dales alone let Echo dwell,
And each ſad ſigh ſhe hears with ſorrow tell.
Haſte, let your eyes at Kent's Pavillion* ſhine,
It wants but ſtars, and then the work's divine.
Of late fame only tells of yielding towns,
Of captive generals, and protected crowns:
Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
Lines forc'd, ſtates vanquiſh'd, provinces o'errun,
And all Alcides' labour ſumm'd in one.
The brave muſt to the fair now yield the prize,
And Engliſh arms ſubmit to Engliſh eyes:
In which bright liſt among the firſt you ſtand;
Though each a goddeſs or a Sunderland.

* A Gallery at St. James's.

TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

ON HIS VOLUNTARY BANISHMENT.

GO, mighty prince, and thoſe great nations ſee,
Which thy victorious arms before made free;
View that fam'd column, where thy name engrav'd
Shall tell their children who their empire ſav'd;
Point out that marble where thy worth is ſhewn,
To every grateful country but thy own.
O cenſure undeſerv'd! unequal fate!
Which ſtrove to leſſen him who made her great:
Which pamper'd with ſucceſs, and rich in fame,
Extoll'd his conqueſts, but condemn'd his name.
But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
Though all the fault's in the beholder's eye;
Yet he, untouch'd, as in the heat of wars,
Flies from no danger but domeſtic jars,
Smiles at the dart which angry envy ſhakes,
And only fears for her whom he forſakes:
He grieves to find the courſe of virtue croſs'd,
Bluſhing to ſee our blood no better loſt;
Diſdains in factious parties to contend,
And proves in abſence moſt Britannia's friend.
So the great Scipio of old, to ſhun
That glorious envy which his arms had won,
Far from his dear ungrateful Rome retir'd,
Prepar'd, whene'r his country's cauſe requir'd,
To ſhine in peace or war, and be again admir'd.

TO THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

WHILST weeping Europe bends beneath her ills,
And, where the ſword deſtroys not, famine kills;
Our iſle enjoys, by your ſucceſsful care,
The pomp of peace, amidſt the woes of war.
So much the public to your prudence owes,
You think no labours long for our repoſe:
Such conduct, ſuch integrity, are ſhewn,
There are no coffers empty but your own.

From mean dependence merit you retrieve,
Unask'd you offer, and unseen you give:
Your favour, like the Nile, increase bestows,
And yet conceals the source from whence it flows.
No pomp, or grand appearance, you approve:
A people at their ease is what you love:
To lessen taxes, and a nation save,
Are all the grants your services would have.
Thus far the state-machine wants no repair,
But moves in matchless order by your care;
Free from confusion, settled and serene;
And, like the universe, by springs unseen.
But now some star, sinister to our prayers,
Contrives new schemes, and calls you from affairs;
No anguish in your looks, or cares appear,
But how to teach th' unpractis'd crew to steer.
Thus, like a victim, no constraint you need,
To expiate their offence by whom you bleed.
Ingratitude's a weed of every clime,
It thrives too fast at first, but fades in time.
The god of day, and your own lot's the same;
The vapours you have rais'd, obscure your flame:
But though you suffer, and awhile retreat,
Your globe of light looks larger as you set.

ON HER MAJESTY'S STATUE

IN SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

NEAR the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
Known by the Gentiles' great apostle's name;
With grace divine, great Anna's seen to rise,
An awful form that glads a nation's eyes;
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there.
Britain and Ireland seem to own her grace,
And e'en wild India wears a smiling face.
But France alone with downcast eyes is seen,
The sad attendant of so good a queen:
Ungrateful country! to forget so soon,
All that great Anna for thy sake has done:

When ſworn the kind defender of thy cauſe,
Spite of her dear religion, ſpite of laws;
For thee ſhe ſheath'd the terrors of her ſword,
For thee ſhe broke her general—and her word:
For thee her mind in doubtful terms ſhe told,
And learn'd to ſpeak like oracles of old.
For thee, for thee alone, what could ſhe more?
She loſt the honour ſhe had gain'd before;
Loſt all the trophies, which her arms had won,
(Such Cæſar never knew, nor Philip's ſon;)
Reſign'd the glories of a ten year's reign,
And ſuch as none but Marlborough's arm could gain.
For thee in annals ſhe's content to ſhine,
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line.

ON THE NEW CONSPIRACY, 1716.

WHERE, where, degenerate countrymen—how high
Will your fond folly and your madneſs fly?
Are ſcenes of death and ſervile chains ſo dear,
To ſue for blood and bondage every year,
Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curſt,
To court a change, though certain of the worſt?
There is no climate which you have not ſought,
Where tools of war and vagrant kings are bought;
O! noble paſſion, to your country kind,
To crown her with—the refuſe of mankind.
As if the new Rome, which your ſchemes unfold,
Were to be built on rapine, like the old,
While her aſylum openly provides
For every ruffian every nation hides.
Will you ſtill tempt the great avenger's blow,
And force the bolt—which he is loath to throw?
Have there too few already bit the plains,
To make you ſeek new Preſtons and Dumblains?
If vengeance loſes its effects ſo faſt,
Yet thoſe of mercy, ſure, ſhould longer laſt.
Say, is it raſhneſs or deſpair provokes
Your harden'd hearts to theſe repeated ſtrokes?

Reply:—Behold, their looks their ſouls declare,
All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep deſpair.
Hear then, you ſons of blood, your deſtin'd fate,
Hear, ere you ſin too ſoon, repent too late.
Madly you try to weaken George's reign,
And ſtem the ſtream of providence in vain.
By right, by worth, by wonders, made our own,
The hand that gave it ſhall preſerve his throne.
As vain your hopes to diſtant times remove,
To try the ſecond or the third from Jove;
For 'tis the nature of that ſacred line,
To conquer monſters, and to grow divine.

ON THE KING OF SPAIN.

PALLAS, deſtructive to the Trojan line,
Raz'd the proud walls, though built by hands divine:
But Love's bright goddeſs, with propitious grace,
Preſerv'd a hero, and reſtor'd the race.
Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows,
Fell by Eliza, and by Anna roſe.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR THE TOASTING GLASSES OF THE *KIT-KAT-CLUB*. 1703.

LADY CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a name can every muſe inſpire;
To Carliſle fill the glaſs, and tune the lyre.
With his lov'd bays the god of day ſhall crown
A wit and luſtre equal to his own.

THE SAME.

At once the ſun and Carliſle took their way,
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
The flowers to both their glad creation ow'd,
Their virtues he, their beauties ſhe beſtow'd.

LADY ESSEX.

The braveſt hero, and the brighteſt dame,
From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew;
One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
The awful thunder and the gentle dew.

THE SAME.

To Eſſex fill the ſprightly wine;
The health's engaging and divine.
Let pureſt odours ſcent the air,
And wreaths of roſes bind our hair:
In her chaſte lips theſe bluſhing lie,
And thoſe her gentle ſighs ſupply.

LADY HYDE.

The god of wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
The queen of love looks on, and ſmiles to ſee
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

ON LADY HYDE IN CHILD-BED.

Hyde, though in agonies, her graces keeps,
A thouſand charms the nymph's complaints adorn;
In tears of dew ſo mild Aurora weeps,
But her bright offspring is the cheerful morn.

LADY WHARTON.

When Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toaſting paſs'd the night,
With more than nectar he the banquet bleſs'd,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feaſt.

PROLOGUE

DESIGNED FOR TAMERLANE.

TO DAY a mighty hero comes, to warm
Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons, arm,
To valour much he owes, to virtue more;
He fights to ſave, and conquers to reſtore.
He ſtrains no text, nor makes dragoons perſuade;
He likes religion, but he hates the trade.
Born for mankind, they by his labour live;
Their property is his prerogative.
His ſword deſtroys leſs than his mercy ſaves,
And none, except his paſſions, are his ſlaves.
Such, Britons, is the prince that you poſſeſs,
In council greateſt, and in camps no leſs:
Brave, but not cruel; wiſe without deceit;
Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet.
But you, diſdaining to be too ſecure,
Aſk his protection, and yet grudge his power.
With you a monarch's right is in diſpute;
Who gives ſupplies are only abſolute.
Britons, for ſhame! your factious feuds decline,
Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon line:
Aſſert loſt rights, an Auſtrian prince alone
Is born to nod upon a Spaniſh throne.
A cauſe no leſs could on great Eugene call;
Steep Alpine rocks require an Hannibal:
He ſhows you your loſt honour to retrieve;
Our troops will fight, when once the ſenate give.
Quit your cabals and factions, and in ſpite
Of Whig and Tory, in this cauſe unite.
One vote will then ſend Anjou back to France
There let the meteor end his airy dance:
Elſe to the Mantuan ſoil he may repair,
E'en abdicated gods were Latium's care,
At worſt, he'll find ſome Corniſh borough here.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MUSIC MEETING IN YORK-BUILDINGS.

WHERE muſic and more powerful beauties reign,
Who can ſupport the pleaſure and the pain?
Here their ſoft magic thoſe two Syrens try,
And if we liſten, or but look, we die.
Why ſhould we then the wondrous tales admire,
Of Orpheus' numbers, or Amphion's lyre;
Of walls erected by harmonious ſkill,
How mountains mov'd, and rapid ſtreams ſtood ſtill!
Behold this ſcene of beauty, and confeſs
The wonder greater, and the fiction leſs.
Like human victims here we ſtand decreed
To worſhip thoſe bright altars where we bleed.
Who braves his fate in fields, muſt tremble here;
Triumphant love more vaſſals makes than fear.
No faction homage to their fair denies;
The right divine's apparent in their eyes.
That empire's fix'd, that's founded in deſire;
Thoſe flames, the veſtals guard, can ne'er expire.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

CORNISH SQUIRE, A COMEDY.

WHO dares not plot in this good-natur'd age?
Each place is privileg'd except the ſtage;
There the dread phalanx of reformers come,
Sworn foes to wit, as Carthage was to Rome;
Their ears ſo ſanctify'd, no ſcenes can pleaſe,
But heavy hymns or penſive homilies:
Truths, plainly told, their tender nature wound,
Young rakes muſt, like old patriarchs, expound;
The painted punk the proſelyte muſt play,
And bawds, like *fille-devotes*, procure and pray.

How nature is inverted! ſoon you'll ſee
Senates unanimous, and ſects agree,
Jews at extortion rail, and monks at myſtery.
Let characters be repreſented true,
An airy ſinner makes an awkward prue.
With force and fitting freedom vice arraign;
Though pulpits flatter, let the ſtage ſpeak plain.
If Verres gripes the poor, or Nænius write,
Call that the robber, this the paraſite.
Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl;
Cinna's a ſtateſman; Sydrophel a tool.
Our cenſurers with want of thought diſpenſe,
But tremble at the hideous ſin of ſenſe.
Who would not ſuch hard fate as ours bemoan,
Indicted for ſome wit, and damn'd for none?
But if, to-day, ſome ſcandal ſhould appear,
Let thoſe preciſe Tartuffs bind o'er Moliere.
Poet, and Papiſt too, they'll ſurely maul,
There's no indulgences at Hicks's-hall.
Gold only can their pious ſpite allay,
They call none criminals that can but pay;
The needleſs ſhrines with victims they invoke,
They take the fat, and give the gods the ſmoke.

PROLOGUE

Spoken at the opening of the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket.

SUCH was our builder's art, that, ſoon as nam'd,
This fabric, like the infant world, was fram'd.
The architect muſt on dull order wait,
But 'tis the poet only can create.
None elſe, at pleaſure, can duration give:
When marble fails, the muſes' ſtructures live.
The Cyprian fane is now no longer ſeen,
Though ſacred to the name of love's fair queen.
E'en Athens ſcarce in pompous ruin ſtands,
Though finiſh'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands.

More ſure preſages from theſe walls we find,
By beauty * founded, and by wit deſign'd.
In the good age of ghoſtly ignorance,
How did cathedrals riſe, and zeal advance!
The merry monks ſaid oriſons at eaſe,
Large were their meals, and light their penances;
Pardons for ſins were purchas'd with eſtates,
And none but rogues in rags died reprobates.
But now, that pious pageantry's no more,
And ſtages thrive, as churches did before;
Your own magnificence you here ſurvey,
Majeſtic columns ſtand, where dunghills lay,
And cars triumphal riſe from carts of hay.
Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear,
And big Almanzor's fight mocks Blenheim's here.
Deſcending goddeſſes adorn our ſcenes,
And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.
Should Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
He'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own.
Though to the ſun his towering eagles riſe,
They ſcarce could bear the luſtre of theſe eyes.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT odd fantaſtic things we women do!
Who would not liſten when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt:
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, though in convents made.
Would you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves—you may
Be ſpiteful—and believe the thing we ſay;
We hate you, when you're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears!
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.

* Lady Sunderland.

Our hearts are form'd, as you yourſelves would chooſe:
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe:
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.
Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively leſſons we have learn'd from you:
Your breaſts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth uſurps the power of charms.
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To ſwell in ſhow, and be a wretch in ſtate!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
E'en churches are no ſanctuaries now;
There golden idols all your vows receive;
She is no goddeſs who has nought to give.
Oh may once more the happy age appear,
When words are artleſs, and the thoughts ſincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts leſs coveted than groves and ſprings,
Love then ſhall only mourn when truth complains,
And conſtancy feel tranſport in its chains;
Sighs with ſucceſs their own ſoft anguiſh tell,
And eyes ſhall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright ſtation climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time:
The fair ſhall liſten to deſert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's ſon.

A SOLILOQUY,

OUT OF ITALIAN.

COULD he whom my diſſembled rigour grieves,
But know what torment to my ſoul it gives;
He'd find how fondly I return his flame,
And want myſelf the pity he would claim,
Immortal gods! why has your doom decreed
Two wounded hearts with equal pangs ſhould bleed?
Since that great law which your tribunal guides,
Has join'd in love whom deſtiny divides;

Repent, ye powers, the injuries you cauſe,
Or change our natures, or reform your laws.
Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
Think what I feel the moment you complain.
Each ſigh you utter wounds my tendereſt part,
So much my lips miſrepreſent my heart.
When from your eyes the falling drops diſtil,
My vital blood in every tear you ſpill:
And all thoſe mournful agonies I hear,
Are but the echoes of my own deſpair.

AN IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

CAN you count the ſilver lights
That deck the ſkies, and cheer the nights;
Or the leaves that ſtrow the vales,
When groves are ſtript by winter gales;
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with tranſparent pearl the thorn;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miſer's cares,
Or gameſter's oaths, or hermit's prayers;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlborough's acts, or ——n's charms?

ANACREONTIC EPISTLE TO MR. GAY,

ON HIS POEMS.

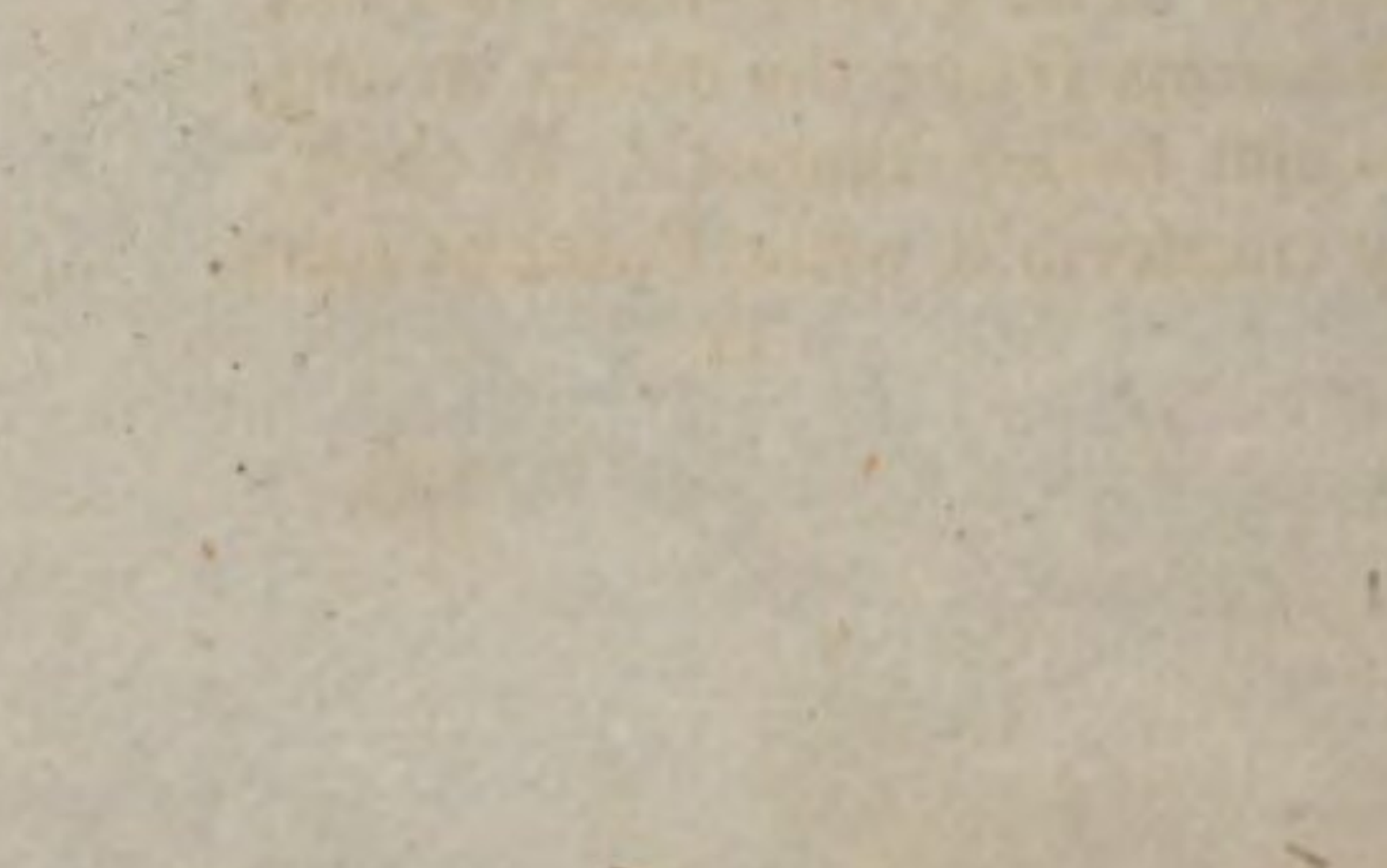
WHEN fame did o'er the ſpacious plain
The lays ſhe once had learn'd repeat;
All liſten'd to the tuneful ſtrain,
And wonder'd who could ſing ſo ſweet.
'Twas thus. The graces held the lyre,
The harmonious frame the muſes ſtrung,
The loves and ſmiles compos'd the choir,
And Gay tranſcrib'd what Phœbus ſung.

TO THE

MERRY POETASTER,

AT SADLER'S HALL IN CHEAPSIDE.

UNWIELDY pedant, let thy awkward muſe
With cenſures praiſe, with flatteries abuſe.
To laſh, and not be felt, in thee's an art:
Thou ne'er mad'ſt any, but thy ſchool-boys, ſmart.
Then be advis'd, and ſcribble not again;
Thou'rt faſhion'd for a flail, and not a pen.
If B——l's immortal wit thou would'ſt deſcry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry.
Thy feeble ſatire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long.



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